MORE MODERN MONOLOGUES

By Marjorie Benton Cooke

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CHICAGO
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First Edition, October, 1907.
Second Edition, November, 1909.
Third Edition, November, 1911.
Fourth Edition, December, 1913

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
At the Matinee	9
All in the Point of View	21
A Real Lady	27
By Faith Alone	33
Sweet Kitty and the Little Blind God	37
A Pleasant Half Hour on the Beach	43
How Gentlemen are Made	53
Homesick	59
An Hour with a Modern Martyr	69
When Men Propose	75
Nicoletta	83
A Christian Soldier	89
In the Wings	95

CONTENTS

At the Fresh Air Camp . . 105

The Charity Fair 109

Aunt Jane 117

The Shampoo Woman . . 127

Heroines 131

AT THE MATINEE

CHARACTERS:

LENORE LAWTON, a typical Matinee girl.
BESSIE GRAY, her chum.

SCENE—*The Grand Theatre, during a Matinee.*

LENORE LAWTON *Speaks.*

[*She enters with the popular society girl swing, looking haughtily about her, till she discovers her friend.*]

Oh, hello! There you are, Bess. Yes, I know I'm late, but I could not help it. Isn't it the limit? I've gone and missed the whole first act.

[*She crowds by the whole row of people to get to her seat, stepping on an umbrella as she pushes by.*]

Did I break it? That's too bad, but you really ought not to have had it right

out there, where I couldn't help stepping on it.

[*Laughs to her friend as she sits down.*]

I broke that good and proper! Serves her right for having it stuck out there. . . . My dear, I had the most awful time getting here. My little brother fell down stairs this morning and nearly broke his neck. Of course, he'd go and do it on Saturday morning, the most inconvenient time for me. When I heard him yell, I said to myself—"You won't get to go to the Matinee!" But the doctor came round and fixed him up, so I came along. Yes, he was pretty badly hurt—he broke his leg and cut his head. Oh, mamma was with him! Mamma had to read a paper this afternoon before the Women's Club, and she was all broken up over missing it, but of course, he's her child, so she just had to stay with him. She wanted me to go and read her paper before the Club, but I told her I had tickets for the matinee and I wasn't going to do it, so I just came along.

[*She looks about the audience.*]

Oh, there's Fanny Wright. No, the row in front of us, on the aisle. The one with the light hair—touches it up,

you know. Have you heard the latest about her? Well, she's landed that fat little Jew she's been dangling so long.

[*Glances in Miss Wright's direction and encounters a blazing stare. She laughs.*]

Gee—did you see that look? She must have heard me! Well, I don't care if she did—it's the truth, and the sooner she hears it the better. Here, Boy, I want some water.

[*She leans across the intervening people to get a glass of water.*]

Want a drink, Bess? Don't you? I never was so thirsty in my life. I just tore for the train, and then I missed it.

[*Leans over again and returns the glass.*]

Oh, Boy—send me the candy boy, will you? [*Looks around again.*]

I don't think much of these seats, do you? I like to be right up in front when I see Mr. Hackett. How is he? Is he just as darling as ever? I just adore him. He's got the cutest profile, and he always stands sideways so you can see it. Isn't it cunning of him? I think he's too su-weet! Goodness, there goes the curtain and I haven't even begun to get my hat off. It's so hard to

get your hat off, we wear such silly hats.

[*Turns indignantly upon woman behind her.*]

I am trying to get it off, Madame, if you'll just wait a moment.

[*Makes ineffectual efforts to locate hat pins.*]

Goodness, I must have a dozen pins in.

[*Turns again to woman behind her.*]

Well, will you wait a minute? Isn't that a horrid woman? You'd think she'd bought the whole lower floor! Can you find the last one, Bess?

[*She leans toward her companion, who takes out the last hat pin. Lenore then begins to comb her hair with her back and side combs, holding her arms so no one behind her can see a thing.*]

Isn't it the limit, the way they make you take off your hat, and then don't give you a thing to look at yourself in! You never know how your hair looks. Is mine all right?

[*Gathers up hat and several pins and pins her hat to back of seat in front of her. Starts back with a scream.*]

Good gracious—what's the matter with you? I'm pinning my hat to your back bone? [*Aggrieved tone.*] Well, I didn't know your back bone was so near!

[*To Bess.*]

Fussy, isn't he? Oh, bother, here's the boy with the candy.

[*Leans over intervening people again to talk to candy boy, in stage whisper.*]

How much is chocolate candy a pound? How much? Forty cents? Why, when did it go up? I've paid thirty-five cents here, I know. Forty cents? Well, how much is half a pound? Twenty-five cents? I'll have half a pound, then. Can you change five dollars? You can't? Why don't you boys carry change? You get that changed at the box office and bring it right back, please.

[*Exchanges bill for candy, giving the woman next her a scornful glance as she does so.*]

Most disagreeable woman next to me—she kept saying "Sh!" all the time. Women are so horrid, aren't they?

[*Offers Bess the box.*]

Have some candy. Don't want it? On a diet—you? For goodness sake, why

didn't you say so? I never would have bought it if I had known that—I don't care anything about it.

[*Begins to eat noisily and rapidly.*]

Say, Bess, what's the plot? Is there any? Did I miss anything in the first act? Hackett is a prince—uh-huh—in love with a princess?—I see, the adventuress is trying to ruin him—Hackett. And who's in love with the adventuress? Oh, the villain. French villain? Goody! —I do love a French villain!

[*Turns to woman next her with haughty stare.*]

I paid just as much for my seat as you paid for yours, and I have just as much right to talk as you have to be quiet.

[*Looks at stage for a minute, dodging some barrier.*]

I can't see a thing—this woman in front of me has got her hair done so high. I can't see a thing.

[*In reply to woman in front.*]

Oh, you needn't bother, thank you.

[*Chuckles to Bess.*]

Did you hear that? No—she said she'd take her hair down, if I'd just be quiet.

[*Turns, as if interrupted by candy boy.*]

What? Oh, my change. Give it to me. [*Puts it away without counting it.*]

Say, Bess, I don't understand about this. What are all those men standing around the stage for? Put there by the adventuress, to kill Hackett? A conspiracy? Mercy—

[*Slides breathless to edge of chair.*]

He don't know they're there, does he? I hope he don't come. Gee—there he is!

[*Puts up opera glass.*]

[*Breathlessly.*] What's he going to do? He don't see them yet? Oh, mercy—he's going to fight them.

[*She follows the fight from side to side of the stage with her opera glass, counting the dead.*]

One—look out—two—O, do be careful—behind you!—[*Sigh*] three—four—that was an easy one—five—ouch! Six—

[*Puts down glass and turns beaming face on Bess.*]

He's killed them all—isn't that splendid? . . . Oh, but Bess, he's wounded. Yes, he is—don't you see that blood on his head? The poor dear. . . . Look, he's falling down—he says he thinks he's done for.

[*She begins to snuffle gently, wiping her tears.*]

Did you hear him?—he wants to say

good-bye to his mother. How su-weet! Where is that old Princess? She'd better be getting here, if she wants to see him again. [*Sobs audibly.*]

No, of course he isn't going to die—he can't—it's only the end of the second act! Oh, there she comes—horrid thing! I think she's ugly, don't you? And I wish you'd look how her clothes hang!

[*Puts up her glass again.*]

I should hope she did love him—the dear thing! [*Sigh.*] Isn't that too su-weet?

[*She follows the descending curtain with her glass and begins to applaud.*]

Clap hard and get him out again—isn't he grand? There he is—oh, just look how he's panting. He always pants like that—he acts so hard.

[*Applauds again till curtain descends.*]

Wasn't it grand? I think he's the grandest actor on the stage! It's a grand play too. Of course it was wonderful, his killing all those men, but did you see him do the "Three Musketeers"? Well, it was the grandest thing—he killed seven men at once. Part of the time he was killing two at a time.

[*Blows her nose and wipes her eyes.*]

I think he's awfully pathetic, don't you? I always cry my eyes out. That's the trouble with me, I'm so soft hearted. I always bring a lot of handkerchiefs, for I know I'll need them.

[*Begins to look for handkerchiefs —tries her sleeves, her blouse, and finally her hand bag.*]

Where do you suppose I put those things—they aren't in my bag? Do you suppose I put them in my change pocketbook?

[*Opens her pocketbook and inspects it. Indignation dawns on her face.*]

Say, do you know I believe that candy boy short-changed me!

[*Dumps her money into her lap.*]

Yes, sir—he only gave me four fifty instead of four seventy-five. I'm just going to call the usher and complain!

[*Turns and beckons the usher.*]

Usher, that candy boy short-changed me. He only gave me four fifty instead of four seventy-five. Yes, of course, I've counted my change. You call the boy, please. [*The candy boy is summoned.*]

Boy—you gave me the wrong change. It's a quarter short. No, you did not—I guess I know what I've got—

[*To woman next her.*]

Madame, I have counted it twice. What quarter? Under the candy box?

[*Picks up box and extracts quarter, which she holds up with expression of mild surprise.*]

Never mind, Boy. [*To Bess.*] It would have been just like him to have short-changed me—they do it all the time.

[*She eats candy and gazes about superciliously.*]

See anybody you know? Common looking crowd, isn't it?

[*Turns to woman next her.*]

What? Well, I wish you would stop talking to me—I don't know you, and I don't want to talk to you. Well, you try it once, just call the usher and see what happens. You're an awfully disagreeable woman—you make everybody around you uncomfortable.

[*Indignantly to Bess.*]

This old woman is the limit. She says she'll call an usher and have me put out if I don't stop talking during the next act. [*To some one in front of her.*]

What? If she don't, you will. . . . [*To Bess.*] Did you ever hear such a brass bound nerve? That's what we get for sitting back here with the rabble.

Say, I know the head usher—he'll change our seats for us. Come on. It serves us right for sitting back here with the hoipoloi!

[*Gathers her hat and candy, and crowds by her long suffering neighbors.*]

ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

NEWS ITEM—"*An automobile, going at a high rate of speed, collided with an electric car on the corner of Twelfth and G streets this morning. No one was hurt.*"

CHARACTERS:

BILLY SANDERS, a reporter on the "Daily Spread Eagle."

SAM JOHNSON (colored), street cleaner.

OFFICER PATRICK FLINN, of the "foorce."

YON YONSON, driver of a sprinkling cart.

SAM JOHNSON *Speaks.*

Yes, sah, Boss, I seen de whole catalastrophe wid ma' own eyes. Well, sah, I wuz a-sweepin' up to'ds de co'nah, keepin' moughty close to de curb—dat's whah yo' can always fin' me, close up to de curb. [*Excitedly.*]

If de pedelestrians ain' got no show fo' dey lives wid dese heah automobilists, what chance do yo' reckon a common street sweepah's got? If yo' keep

on a stickin' to de curb de Inspector mos' kill you', an' if yo' go out in de street de automobile man plumb kill yo', an' yo' got to lose yo' job or yo' life!

Yes, sah, Boss, I'se a gettin' to dat. I was a sweepin' when I see dis yere automobile come tearin' along—

[*Scratches his head thoughtfully.*]

I dunno fo' sho', Boss, but I reckon 'twuz a-goin' 'bout eighty miles a hour. Des' as she turned de co'nah I heerd de car bell janglin' an' I smelt trouble, so I rushed up dere des' at de moment ob de concurrence. It wuz a head on collision an' de immortality wuz awful!

[*Shakes his head and groans.*]

I went right out dah, Boss, an' de daid an' dyin' wuz a lyin' dere by de dozens, men, wimmen, an' chilluns. Mos' ev'body wuz daid! I went right off to fin' a policeman, but while I wuz gone somebuddy turned in de alarm, an' de paytrol wagon come along, an' I, an' de res' ob de livin', put de daid an' dyin' in de wagon an' sent 'em to de horspital. I dunno how many dey wuz fo' sho', but dey wuz a pow'ful lot!

[*Looks at some man who has approached, shakes his head and adds confidentially.*]

'Scuse me, Boss, but I think dat hook-nose man over dah is a Inspector. Yo'

neber can tell, dey's liable fo' to spring dese yere plain clo's men on yo' any time. [*Goes off muttering to himself.*]

OFFICER FLINN *Speaks.*

Good marning, Sor. Yiss, Sor, I was on the sphot at the very toime, Sor. Well, Sor, I was sthandin' on the carner, passin' the toime av' day wid Flannigan, on the nixt beat, whin I saw this otty-mobile come along, a-spheedin'. I stips out to arrist the droiver, whin I hears the car approachin' an' sez I to Flannigan T-r-o-u-b-l-e—spells trouble! Well, Sor, the ottymobile was goin' 'bout wan hundred moiles an hour, an' 'twas by me loike thot!

[*He shows the speed by a gesture.*]

An' thin she goes into the sthreet car. 'Twas the mos' remarkable thing I iver see in me loife! The ottymobile wint into the grip car head on, an' cut the car in two, sthraight down the middle, loike a big knife, an' laid the two par-rts on the ground, as slick as ye plaze. [*Here he explains with gestures.*]

The gripman? No, Sor, he wasn't scratched. He stipped to the roight av' the cut, an' it niver touched 'im. No, Sor, the ottymobilist, he sat at the wheel,

a-guidin' her stiddy, an' sez he, "Ixcuse me!" to the gripman as he passed 'im! No, Sor, no wan wuz hurted—the passengers had a shakin' oop, but no damage done. Sure, I run 'em both in—the ottymobilist an' the gripman, fer spheedin'.

A naygur told ye thot? [*Laughs.*] Well, ye niver can trust these sthreet cleaners, they're a durty, lyin' lot av' gazabos. Good marnin' to ye, Sor!

[*Departs swinging his club.*]

YON YONSON *Speaks.*

Whoa! Huh? No-o, hay don' see no acc'dnt. Oh, de greepcar und de auto'-m'bile? Yaas, hay see heem. Vell, hay go on de vater vagon. No—de sprinkle cart—

[*Explains "sprinkle" with rapid gesture, suggesting spraying water.*]

Sprinkle—Sprinkle—can't you spik Ing'lish—*sprinkle cart!* Yaas, und hay vas sprinklin', ven de auto'm'bile mon, hay see heem auto'm'bilin', und hay see de greepmon greepin', und purt' soon hay go boomp-boomp.

[*He indicates the collision with his hands.*]

Auto'm'lbile mon, hay go oop in de air

und coom down boomp—und greep mon, hay go oop in de air und coom down boomp! Auto'm'bile mon? No, hay don' hurt heem, hay yust go on auto'm'bilin'. . . . Yaas. Greepmon? No, hay don' hurt heem. Ven hay coom down boomp —a horse hay step on heem, but hay don' hurt heem, yust keel heem. De pass—pass—vat is dat vord? Oh, de peoples? No, dey youst boomp heem, not hurt heem. Did hay go to help de greepmon?

[*Looks at reporter in astonishment.*]

No, hay don' help heem, hay vas sprinklin'. Git app!

[*He shakes his reins and drives off.*]

A REAL LADY

CHARACTERS:

MRS. HOGGENHEIMER.

OTHER WOMEN PASSENGERS.

SCENE—*A Pullman car dressing room.*

MRS. HOGGENHEIMER *Speaks.*

[*Mrs. Hoggenheimer, bag in hand, enters the dressing room, locks the door, and gives deep sigh of relief.*]

Well, I beat 'em in after all, even if I did have to stay awake half the night to do it. It's a wonder to me the way decent looking women act in a Pullman toilet room, so ill-natured and selfish. . . . I just made up my mind last night that I'd get in here first.

[*Yawns and looks at watch.*]

It's an hour and a half, by my watch, until we get into Oscaloosa, but I like to be ready in plenty of time.

[*Opens her bag and spreads out her toilet things.*]

I heard of a woman once who had to get right off the train in her kimona, be-

cause the porter forgot to call her in time to dress.

[*Begins to wash her face. Lifts her head and listens.*]

There they come, I knew how it would be. [*Speaks to some one outside.*] You can't come in. I'll be out in a minute. I can't help it, I got in here first. Your child is sick? [*Sharply.*] In a minute.

[*Wipes her face, muttering to herself.*]

Why do women insist on travelling with children?

[*Unlocks door and opens it ungraciously.*]

I got in here first, and I have a perfect right to lock the door. I don't want people running in here while I'm all undressed. What do you travel with a baby for? Can't leave him? Well, I must say I think there ought to be a law against children under ten on Pullman trains. Somebody's child kept me awake all night. [*She begins to do her hair.*] Mercy, what ails the child? There is certainly nothing the matter with his lungs! I never heard such a yell. I never allowed my children to cry and annoy people.

[*She turns as if at a knock. Whispers to other woman.*]

Don't open the door.

[*Speaks to some one outside.*]

You can't come in, the room is full. We'll be out in a minute, but we've got a sick baby in here. I can't help it if you do get off in twenty minutes, we got in first. [*Annoyed tone.*]

Can't you stop him? Here—baby—look, look—see the pretty watch.

[*Gives her watch to the howling child. To mother.*]

No, don't you let her in. Why didn't she get up, like we did?

[*Speaks to outsider again.*]

You will have to wait, I tell you. Your little boy can't come in—there's a baby in here now, having a fit.

[*To mother of baby—soothingly.*]

I just said that to keep her out.

[*Attack on the door is renewed, so she throws it open.*]

For goodness sake, come in, and be quiet! No, I don't think I own the toilet room, but I got up in time to get in here, without annoying everybody else. [*Sharply.*] Get out of that bag, little boy.

[*Baby drops watch and breaks it. Mrs. H. stoops to pick it up in great concern.*]

Oh! Look at that! Well, it's good-bye watch. [*Listens for the tick.*]

I do think you might have kept your hand on it, when I only gave it to your child to keep him from shrieking.

[*Turns and put on her collar.*]

Put that down, little boy, that's mine. That's *my* brush, Madam. Well, it doesn't belong in here.

[*Grabs brush, washes and rubs it. Turns her head, at sound of another knock.*]

Another woman—don't let her in—it's crowded to suffocation in here now.

[*Door is opened and another woman enters, greeted with freezing glance from Mrs. H.*]

I don't know how women can act the way they do—pushing in and demanding their rights, and being so selfish. It's awful! It's a queer thing that people who travel never have any manners—they're always so pushing and vulgar. I can't bear to travel just on that account. And when you try to show people how to act they—

[*Looks about triumphantly.*]

Gone, every one of them. I thought that would do it.

[*Locks the door and proceeds with toilet leisurely.*]

Now I can get my things on in peace. Wonder what place this is, we seem to be stopping here a long time.

[*She glances out of window, then packs her bag.*]

Who is it? That you, Porter? Towels? All right. [*She opens the door.*]

I'll take them, Porter. What place is that we just pulled out of, Porter? . . . OSCALOOSA! [*Tableau.*]

BY FAITH ALONE

CHARACTERS:

MRS. FREDERICK BELMONT-TOWERS.
HELEN, her friend.
SCENE—*Mrs. Belmont-Towers' Bedroom*

MRS. BELMONT-TOWERS *Speaks.*

Is that you, Helen? Come in. You must excuse me for seeing you up here, but this is my day for treatment and I don't get up till afternoon. Oh, didn't you know? I'm taking a course with Omarkanandi, this famous Hindoo priest. You haven't heard of him? Oh, my dear, he is too wonderful. You know what an invalid I've been for years? I've had no sympathy in my suffering—Fred thinks it's all nonsense, says I'm a hypochondriac, and all that, but Omarkanandi says my condition has been simply pitiful! He's so sympathetic, Helen. He wears a long red robe, and a turban and the queerest rings, and his eyes are the most soulful things. Well, it's hard to tell you just what he does do. He

sits beside me, and holds my hands and looks into my eyes and talks to me, in his soft Oriental voice. He says he is the medium of infinite strength and power, and that he transmits it to me.

Well, he thinks in time that I can draw on this power myself, without him. He says that I'm so highly strung that the winds of evil play on me. He says my chronic indigestion is simply a wind of evil, and that I must harden myself against it. I told him I didn't care so much about the indigestion itself, but it was ruining my complexion. He said when I got myself into harmony with the Infinite my skin would be like a rose leaf—so you can see for yourself the thing is worth while.

Oh, no, it isn't Mind Cure or Christian Science or any of those intangible things, this is really *practical.*

And I find that my power over others is growing, just as he said it would. The other night, Fred came home just worn out, and I determined to try the cure on him, so I made him lie down, and I held his hand, and looked at him, and talked very softly, and it was no time at all, Helen, until he was sleeping like a child.

You see, what I like about this system is, that it is so practical. I told Omarkanandi how I was worrying about my

Bridge debts, and that I couldn't tell Fred about it, and he put himself "in harmony" and worked out the most wonderful scheme. He told me to get up a sort of Trust, and make up a pool, every woman in the club putting in five hundred dollars. Then as long as we won, we should each put ten per cent. of our winnings back into the pool, and if we lost, the pool would stand for it, up to a certain limit. I was Treasurer and I made Omarkanandi take five hundred for thinking up the scheme. He didn't want to at all, but he did finally to help "his cause."

Well, it worked splendidly for about a week, and then it ended in the awfullest row. The women accused each other of not paying their ten per cent., and of overdrawing on the pool, and every woman demanded her money back, and we just couldn't get it straightened out. I'm out, Heaven only knows how much!

Some of the men heard about it, and you ought to have seen Fred lecture me. I repeated a lot of things to him that he had said himself on the benefit of Trusts, but he said that it was all rot. I told him I thought so when he first said it, but I was so used to taking his word as law, that I went right ahead. I'd never

dare tell him how much I'm out—I just said, "We'll call it legitimate speculation and charge it up to profit and loss," which is his favorite excuse when he's on the wrong side of the market.

Mercy, no, I didn't tell him Omarkanandi had anything to do with it. He says he's a fraud and all sorts of things. Omar says Fred is not attuned to the higher chords of ethereality, so he lives in error and darkness. . . . Helen, you ought to have him come see you; he'd do wonders for you. Only five hundred for the course, and it's nothing when you think what he does for you.

[*Listens to Helen's sarcasms in surprise.*]

Why, Helen! I'm afraid you're like Fred, too worldly and suspicious to grasp these truths. As Omarkanandi says, you must be saved "by faith alone!"

[*Turns her head, as if at interruption.*]

Who is it, Marie? Omarkanandi? Ask him to come up. Good-bye, Helen, do run in again.

[*Watches her go out, and sighs.*]

Poor, trivial thing, she hasn't the capacity for great thoughts and spiritual experiences, as I have.

SWEET KITTY AND THE LITTLE BLIND GOD

CHARACTERS:

KITTY BELLAIRS, of many adorers.

CAPTAIN GREGORY MCNARE, one of the many.

SCENE—*A garden.*

KITTY *Speaks.*

[*Gayly.*] Faith, Captain McNare, 'tis a poor gallant ye are! Don't waste all the time abusin' poor Barry Sullivan—sure, he's no lover av mine. Av course, he's in love with me, but he's no lover av mine.

[*In reply to his objection to her numerous beaux.*]

Ah, worra-worra, as long as there's breath in Kitty Bellairs there'll be min to love her! I don't mind—I'm used to it. Can't ye get used to it? . . . No, I 'spose not—ye're a Scotchman. Man, there was a good Irishman sphoiled whin they made ye a Scotchman!

[*She moves about nervously, talking rapidly to cover her real feelings.*]

How much toime have ye got? Fifteen minutes—fifteen minutes? [*Laughs.*] Well, 'tis plenty—the fate av nations has been changed in less.

[*Turns to him and speaks anxiously.*]

Where are ye ordhered to? An' whin are ye comin' back! Ye don't know?

[*Holds out her hands and pleads impulsively.*]

Ah, take me with you! Why can't I go with the byes? Why do I have to sit home with the women, and worry and think and think ye're all dead?

[*Laughs away her seriousness.*]

What good would ye be to me, thin? A rigiment av dead ones? Well, ye haven't said a wor-rd, as usual I'm doin' all the talkin'. I was under the impression, Captain McNare, that ye came to say good-bye to me. Faith, ye Scotch—your tongues weren't made for talkin'.

[*Still he doesn't speak, and with a laugh she does a step or two of the Highland Fling, singing to the tune of "The Scots wa' Hae," etc.*]

The Scots wa' hae wi' Wallace bled,
Had better be too wary
To touch ane hair upon the head
Av Gregory McNare-y!

For to his countree he is wed,
An' he is most contrary,
His heart is stane to lassies fane,
This Gregory McNare-y!
Scotch, an' that wouldn't fetch ye?

[*Stands rooted to the spot, the smile dying on her face at his words. A look of terror grows there. She repeats his words mechanically.*]

Stop my foolin'—can't play with ye? Coquette! Playin' with honest hearts like rubber balls? Makin' love to half the regimint? . . . No puppet to be jerked at me whim? Oh, Gregory!

[*Almost sobs, but gets herself in hand and lets her indignation have full swing.*]

Well, sor, whin ye've finished yer sermon, I'll say my say. What about a man who follows a girl about day in day out, till the whole rigimint is talkin' an' winkin' about it—permits himself, dear knows why, to be jealous av her-r, an' yet niver once, by word or deed, has he said to her he loves her, or asked her to be his wife. And why? Because he's a coward—a skulkin', black-hearted coward and a Scotchman! There ain't an Irishman in the rigimint that hasn't said his say an' taken his "No" loike a man, an' there isn't wan av thim I don't

love like a brother, God bless 'em—but you—ye're afraid ye'll be made ridiculous in the eyes av the rest of 'em, so ye —go—go, before I say what I'll be sorry for!

[*With superb gesture of scorn, she dismisses him, then sinks down in a little moaning heap.*]

He's gone—gone, an' maybe he'll never come back again! Ye have to hit a Scotchman between the eyes to make him propose to ye! [*Sobs.*] There's somebody comin'—I'd better—

[*Gets up and starts to run away.*]

Oh, Barry, is ut you? Yes, I sent 'im away, an' he nearly broke my heart. Why, the fool's in love with me, but he won't tell me so.

[*Her face brightens at his suggestion.*]

Ye will—ye will, Barry, dear? Ye'll make him propose to me, or call him out? Oh, good—ye white-robed angel in an Irish uniform—how can I thank ye? There's only a minute, so run along wid ye, quick.

[*He goes; she stands a moment, her face alight, then dismay dawns there slowly.*]

I wish I hadn't sent 'im—maybe Gregory don't love me—I—oh!

[*Runs up after Barry, calling him.*]

Barry—come back—I—don't do it—Barry—Oh!

[*This last as Capt. McNare returns.*]

[*To herself.*] Did he meet him, I wonder?

[*Draws herself up haughtily and speaks to him coldly.*]

Was it me you wished to spake wid, Captain McNare? Ye had to come back? [*Aside.*] He did meet Barry! . . . A question? Out wid it, me time is short, Captain.

[*Utter surprise and delight.*]

Do I love ye—will I have ye?

[*Her expression changes to dismay.*]

Did ye meet Barry Sullivan? Never mind—did ye meet him? Then you're doin' this out av yer own free will?

[*Both hands go out to him.*]

God bless ye, av course, I do—an' I will! . . . What's that? Assembly call?

[*Anxiously.*]

Oh, must ye go? *Must* ye? Av course, ye must—me soldier man! One on the cheek—an' the chin, an' the mouth! Good-bye, me lover!

[*Watches him out, then waves to him and sings half-brokenly.*]

The Scots wa' hae wi' Wallace bled,
Had better be too wary,
To touch ane hair upon the head,
Av my ane love, McNare-y!

A PLEASANT HALF-HOUR ON THE BEACH

CHARACTERS:

MRS. HARDENSPIKER, with a brood of erring children.

MRS. JONES, her confidante.

SCENE—*The bathing beach.*

MRS. HARDENSPIKER *Speaks.*

[*Whiningly.*] Now, Joseph Hardenspiker, if you cut up any of those monkey-shines you did yesterday, you'll not go in bathing again this week!

[*Turns to second child.*]

And Aggie—now, don't pull your cap way down like that—Aggie, I want you to hold on to the ropes. If you let go the rope a single minute you come in!

[*To her smallest boys.*]

And Dick, if you and Johnny pull Aggie's feet out from under her, the way you did yesterday, you shall not go in bathing again this summer, and, what's more, you'll get a whipping from your father.

[*She catches sight of Mrs. Jones.*]

Oh, good-morning, Mrs. Jones. Lovely day, isn't it? Run away, children, and take your pleasure, and remember to come the minute I call you.

[*Places a chair beside Mrs. Jones.*]

I'll sit right here, by you, Mrs. Jones, where I can watch them. Yes, I should say I do have trouble with my children, they nearly drive me distracted. . . . I think children are a terrible responsibility these days, anyway, don't you? There are so many ways for them to get spoiled and killed and—

[*Her eye sweeps the horizon and lights on Aggie. Calls and motions.*]

Aggie—Aggie! You take hold of that rope. Take hold of the rope, or come in. [*To Mrs. Jones.*]

Yes, of course, she's trying to swim, but that's just what I don't want her to do. How am I going to know where she is, if she's swimming? I want her to hold on to the rope, so I can see her.

This hour on the beach nearly exhausts me. The nurse, Emma, always used to bring the children down, but she insists upon this hour for her rest. She thinks she is going into nervous prostration. All the nurses and governesses of our very best people are going into nerv-

ous prostration—so many of my best friends tell me that—

[*Looks straight ahead of her, half rises and waves her hand frantically, calling.*]

Johnny—don't you do that—don't you dive off that boat. I don't care if it is fun; it isn't fun for me. You stay right out of the water where I can see you.

What was I saying, Mrs. Jones, when Johnny interrupted us?

[*Leans forward to look up the beach, and puts her hand on Mrs. Jones to focus her attention.*]

Here comes that Miss Miller, and if she hasn't got on another bathing suit. That's three this week—yes, it is, I've counted them. I think she brought one trunk of nothing but bathing suits. . . . Of course, she never gets them wet, so I suppose they don't wear out.

[*Follows Miss Miller with her eye.*]

Oh, I don't think she's such a beauty. Well, there's something about her face I don't like and, my dear, she's the awfullest talker, runs on like the mill wheel, or the mill dam, or whatever it is, that runs on. . . . You know, she brought ten trunks. Um-hum, the hotel porter told Mrs. Peter's maid so, and

she told Emma and Emma told me, but I can't see what she brought in them. Oh, yes, she has a good figure, but then, why not? Oh, yes, she does, you can always tell.

[*Looks off over water and spies Dick. Calls to him.*]

Dick—Dick—let Aggie alone. I don't want her to float—you go away and let her alone.

[*Leans forward eagerly.*]

Who on earth is that? Why—it's Mrs. G. Wallington! Well, would you think a woman with a figure like that would risk it in the water? Isn't she a sight? You never can tell what women will do! Oh, I don't doubt she's a very nice woman, but she has the worst children I ever met anywhere in my life. I can't allow my children to associate with them at all, and, my dear, she had the nerve to tell me that she should think I'd be tempted to put my children in a reform school!

[*Jumps up and runs to water's edge and calls.*]

Joseph—don't do that. Get down off that man's shoulders—you're not to dive—

[*Hides her face at sight.*]

Has he come up yet, Mrs. Jones, I can't bear to look. What?

[*Looks up quickly.*]

It isn't Joseph at all. It's one of those G. Wallington youngsters—it wouldn't hurt him to get good and drowned!

[*Sits down indignantly, tapping her foot.*]

I wonder where Johnny is? Do you see him anywhere? Yes, it is hard to tell them apart in the water. I tried to get my children to wear little flags in their hair, but they won't do it.

[*Calls.*]

Oh, Aggie—where is Johnny? Why don't you keep your eye on your brothers, Aggie? There's Dick! [*Calls.*] Dick—Oh, Dick—where is Johnny? [*Louder.*] Where is Johnny? Come here to me. He'd keep me shouting all day, rather than come in and see what I want.

[*To Dick, who approaches.*]

I asked you where Johnny was? Gone to the raft? Gone to the raft?

[*Outburst of indignation.*]

You know you're not allowed to go to the raft? Haven't you been told every day this summer you were not to go to the raft? I know you haven't gone, but your brother, John, has, hasn't he?

You're none of you to go near that raft —you go out there just as fast as you can, and bring him in here to me.

[*Motions him off and turns to Mrs. Jones.*]

I'll never let them go in again. I'm going to make them all come out.

[*Calls to Aggie.*]

Aggie—Aggie—come in now—time's up. You heard me!

[*To Mrs. Jones.*]

I believe in telling a child to do a thing just once. I do hate a whining, nagging woman, don't you?

[*To Aggie.*]

Aggie Hardenspiker, did you hear me? Don't argue—just come out. Get Joseph and come at once. You don't see him?

[*Anxious glance about.*]

Dear me, now Joseph is lost. Do you see him, Mrs. Jones? Where, Aggie? Yes, I think that is Joseph.

[*Waves handkerchief and calls.*]

Joseph, J-o-s-e-p-h! Aggie, you call and I'll wave.

[*Beckons madly with handkerchief.*]

I know he sees us, he's looking right at us.

[*Seizes Aggie in alarm.*]

Aggie, where has he gone? He threw

up his arms and yelled and went down! That's the way they do when they have cramps.

[*Tears down beach calling to man in distance.*]

Mr. Jordan, will you go out to save Joseph? My son, Joseph. He has a cramp. He shrieked and went down.

[*Runs other direction and calls another man.*]

Mr. Crosby, will you go to Joseph? Shrieked, cramps, went down! He is right over there somewhere.

[*Comprehensive gesture, including the entire ocean. She begins to weep and moan.*]

What shall I tell his father if Joseph is drowned? He'll say I didn't keep my eye on him. It would be just like that boy to try it, and see how it felt to get drowned. If he's gone and done it, he shall not go in bathing again.

[*Sobs, head in hands.*]

What? He's come up, you say? Where —I don't—

[*Locates him, great anxiety on her face.*]

There he is—there's Joseph! Why—he's grinning!

[*Turns angrily to Aggie.*]

Aggie—why, where is Aggie? Gone in again?

[*Discovers Aggie playing in the "briny." She marches to water's edge, speaking with firmness.*]

Aggie Hardenspiker, did you hear me tell you to come in? I have spoken for the last time.

[*Walks back to chair and sits down angrily.*]

Yes, I see they're bringing him in. I suppose it was one of his jokes.

[*To men who have gone to the rescue of Joseph.*]

Thank you, Mr. Jordan—much obliged to you, Mr. Crosby. . . . Now, Joseph Hardenspiker—what do you mean by drowning yourself like that, right before your mother's face? Well, you came as near it as you could, didn't you? I never would have gotten all worked up like this if I hadn't thought you were dead. You will settle this matter with your father. You take your sister and go to the house.

[*Watches their departure and then turns to look for the remaining two.*]

I wouldn't let them go in at all, if it wasn't that I hate to spoil their pleas-

ure. Do you see Dick and John yet? Oh, yes, here they are now.

[*As last culprits approach.*]

Well, Richard and John, you've behaved nicely this morning, haven't you? Making your poor mother a laughing stock for the whole beach. You are both going to get a good whipping from your father. I don't care if you didn't go to the raft, you'll get the same whipping John does, on general principles.

[*Rises haughtily.*]

You'll not go in bathing again this year. What? You'd rather not than have me come along?

[*Turns to Mrs. Jones in pained surprise.*]

Do you hear that, Mrs. Jones? That is the way a mother's sacrifice is accepted. How truly the poet spoke when he said—

"Sharper than the serpent's rattle is
the tooth of an ungrateful child!"

[*Turns to children and waves them up the beach.*]

Richard and John—to your father!

[*She follows them, with her handkerchief to her eyes.*]

HOW GENTLEMEN ARE MADE

CHARACTERS:

TEDDY—a victim of the "Dancing-school Method."

MISS FAY—the dancing teacher.

LOUISA ALLEN—one of the belles.

SCENE—*Ball room of a Club House.*

TEDDY *Speaks.*

AW—I don't want to dance this time, Miss Fay. Well, I can't, anyhow, because I forget the steps. Well, I can't, anyhow, because I haven't got any pardner.

[*Miss Fay takes his hand and he protests in quick alarm.*]

Oh, I don't want to be interdooced to her—I—

[*Bows ungraciously before Louisa and says, sullenly.*]

Hoddy-do, Louisa Allen, do you want to dance? Ma'am? I mean what, Miss Fay?

[*Puts hand on heart, feet together, and makes mock bow, according to Miss Fay's direction.*]

Glad to meet you, Louisa Allen. May I have the pleasure of this dance?

[*While bending low before her, he runs out his tongue at her, with sly glance at Miss Fay.*]

Ma'am? I mean, what Miss Fay? Aw, no, she don't have to show me the waltz step, I know it all right. I was just a-foolin' you.

[*Surrounds Louisa with his arm, and spreads his fingers to get grip on her hand. Says to her, curtly.*]

Come on, now. Ma'am? I mean, what, Miss Fay? Oh, I forgot—put your hand around here.

[*Clasps her hand properly, and squeezes it hard, screwing up his face with delight, as she screams.*]

What are you yelling about? Aw, I did not squeeze her hand, Miss Fay; I was only gettin' hold of it. . . . Come on, now.

[*Begins to see-saw her right arm up and down, counting one-two-three loudly. Turns to her in disgust.*]

Well, why don't you come on? I can't do nothin' if you don't come on, can I?

I was just astin' her to come on, Miss Fay. Now—one-two-three—

[*Gets started doing the one-two-three hop step of a child learning to dance, sawing his arm up and down, a look of entire seriousness on his face. He indulges in breathless conversation, between counts.*]

Say, do you like this dancin' school? One-two-three! You don't? You hate it? I do, too. Standin' round on one foot an' twiddlin' the other. I thought girls always liked it. One-two-three! I hate girls—always bawlin' an' tellin' tales! You don't? I bet you do!

[*Whirls her wildly, and then shouts at her.*]

Say, keep off my feet, will you? I do not get 'em in your way—you keep a-gettin' on 'em all the time.

[*They take a few turns in silence.*]

Have you got any brothers, er pups, er anything? Two? How old? Ten an' 'leven? Oh, brothers, you mean, not pups. . . . Do they come to this dancin' school? I bet they don't. I wouldn't

come, either, if my mother didn't make me.

[*Large smile irradiates his countenance, as he puffs and dances in a circle.*]

She give me a bull pup this year, fer comin'!

[*Looks about and spies Miss Fay in the distance.*]

Say, she ain't a-lookin' at us. Fer goodness sake, let's quit.

[*They sit at right, Teddy's eye following Miss Fay suspiciously. He grins at her.*]

She's a jerkin' Reddy Burke around in the waltz. Ain't he the limit? He's a regular Mama-boy, he is. Uh-huh. All the fellers at our school can lick 'em, an' then his mother comes an' tells the teacher, an' the teacher tells the prinzable, an' she tries to find out who done it, but she can't. Ain't he the limit?

[*Gleam of joy lights his countenance.*]

Say, watch me trip 'im, when he comes by here. Wait till he gets up here, now . . .

[*Waits, his eye glued to approaching boy. At proper time he thrusts out his foot, and then breaks into shrill laughter.*]

Oh, 'scuse me, Reddy, I hope I didn't hurt you!

[*To Louisa, he adds.*]

Did you see him bite his tongue? I bet it hurt him awful! Aw, that wasn't mean—I only did it for fun.

[*Conversation languishes, after her reproof, and he shows signs of nervousness, until he happens upon a congenial topic.*]

Say, did you say you had a pup? What kind is it? A setter? How big? Only that big? Humph—I bet my bull pup can lick the spots off'n your pup. Aw, I bet he can—he's the champeen licker of our whole block. He eats dogs right up, bones an' all. Honust!

[*He is seized with an inspiration. He leans toward her with enthusiasm.*]

I tell you—next Saderday, when we gotta come to this old dancin' school, let's me an' you bring our pups with us. We can sneak off down under the porch an' sick 'em on each other. Oh, I won't let my pup eat your pup up, I mean sick 'em on fer fun.

[*Hasty glance in Miss Fay's direction.*]

Aw, no, she wouldn't know about it. She'd think we'd gone to get a drink of

ice-water. Come on. Will you—it ud be a lot of fun—what?

[*Turns and sees his tormentor approaching.*]

Aw, there she comes. Just when a feller is beginning to have a little fun, she always butts in.

[*Rises and faces Miss Fay.*]

We were a dancin' a long time, Miss Fay, till Louisa Allen got so awful tired. Didn't you, Louisa? Aw, do I have to do it again? . . . I don't want to be a gentleman—what's the use? No—I got a pardner.

[*Turns in surprise to Louisa.*]

Why, yes, I have. You're my pardner. Aw, I did, too; I ast you before we begun, didn't I? I can't keep a-astin' you all the time!

[*Drags her to position.*]

Say, I tell you—you be my pardner all the time, an' then I won't have to bother to ast nobody!

[*Counts loudly. and exits dancing.*]

HOMESICK

CHARACTERS:

MAMMY—a real aristocrat from South Carolina.

MISS LUCY—her charge.

SCENE—*Dressing room, next* MISS LUCY'S *bedroom.*

MAMMY *Speaks.*

[*She stretches, yawns, feels her joints and grunts.*]

DAWG'S-FOOT! But dese yere ol' bones is stiff.

[*Starts, as if called, and moves toward door.*]

Yas'm-yas'm, Miss Lucy, I'se a-comin'!

[*Stops midway and listens.*]

Yo, don't want me? Jes' want to remin' me ob dat dinner pawty? Yo' done tol' bout dat, Honey. Yas'm. I'll be ready at seben 'clock. Yas'm, I gwine take a lil' res—don' yo' worry 'bout me, Honey-lamb; I'se all right!

[*Comes down the room with look of utter indignation and bursts out angrily.*]

Anudder dinnah pawty! Ma Lawd, dey's no res' fo' de wicked! I wouldn't live up yere—I wouldn't live up yere fo' nuthin'. I wouldn't live up yere, if yo' gib me all the states between de Palantic an' de Asific! Why, it's bad nuff, down home, down in Souf' Ca'lina, yo' gotta wuk two 'free hours evry day, but up yere—ma Lawd! Why, I can't even walk down de street, slow, lak a lady. Somebuddy jes' a-walkin' up de back ob ma clothes, an' a-steppin' on de front ob ma feet, an' I jes' gotta keep a humpin' long, an' a humpin' along, to keep outen de way ob peoples. . . . I'm moughty glad we don't live up yere—we jes' a-visitun' yere on some fren's ob Miss Lucy. Dey ain't no kin folk, jes' frens.

[*Growing dissatisfaction with the situation.*]

Why, I ain't neber see no such folks. We git up in de mo'nin' an' git ready fo' a lunch pawty, after dat we gotta go to a tea pawty—den we rush off to a dinner pawty, and' befo' we half froo dere we got to go to ball pawty! I tell yo', dis yere ol' woman gwine go home done up in fo' boards, if she don' git some res' moughty soon.

[*Gets a chair and sits down very slowly, groaning and rubbing her joints.*]

Ya-ya-ya!

[*Settles back in chair, arms crossed.*]

I keep a-sayin' to maself in de words ob de Good Book, "Bressed is de uses ob diversity." I'se moughty glad I'se nuthin' but a pore ol' nigger woman, ain't got to keep dressin' up fo' to go roun' to all dese yere functionaries!

Why, Miss Lucy, de pore lamb, she jes' got to keep dressed up all de time, an' she got to put up wid dese yere No'thun beaux. I heah 'em—I know de way dey talk to her—I heared one ob dem de udder night, a-talkin' to her. . . .

"Miss Lucy"—he say, kin' o' slushy like—"Miss Lucy, do yo' know what is Pa'dise? When de star ob de souf' is a-shinin' in de Heben ob de no'th—dat's Pa'dise."

An' she jes' laff an' say—

"Is yo' de serpent? An' who is de apple?" Das de way she sass 'im back.

"No, Miss Lucy; yo' is Eve, but I is jes' a pore gen'lman, dat's gwine to be glad to git frowed outen de gyarden, if dat gwine give you' any pleasure!"

"I don' know nuffin' gwine give me any mo' pleasure than to see yo' frowed out!" she sez to 'im. Ya-yah—das de way she sass 'im back.

[*Very indignantly.*]

Takin' de words ob de Good Book 'bout de Gyarden ob Eden in vain, lak dat. Nigger woman wouldn't put up wid dat. No-sah, she gib dat buck a clomp on de side ob de haid, an' tell 'im to gwan whah' he's gwine!

[*Suits action to word and catches her back with groan.*]

Ma Lawd, dere's dat creek in ma back! I ain't had no sleep fo' a week, an' to-night a dinnah-dance-pawty—an' to-morrow moh'nin' we got to go on a hunt. Yas-sah, a hunt. But I jes' drawed de line dere. I says, "Miss Lucy, honey, dey ain't a thing on Gawd's yearth I ain't gwine do fo' yo', if yo' as' me, but I draw de line on a hunt!"

[*She sniffs disdainfully.*]

Hunt! Dat's what dey call it up yere. T'aint no mo' a hunt, den I is a lame jack-rabbit. Jes' a lot ob ladies an' gen'lmens in dey pink coatses an' dey white pantses, dey comes out; an' a keeper an' a lot ob dawgs, dey comes out, an' den a colored man he brings out a pore starved lil' fox, dey been a-starvin' fo' 'bout a week, an' den all de ladies an' de gen'lmens, an' de keeper an' de dawgs, dey all go chasin' after dis pore lil' fox, till purty soon he jes' fall down an' die fo' lack ob breath, an' dey calls dat a hunt!

HOMESICK

We got de real thing, down home, in Souf' Ca'lina. Why, even de niggers down dere hunt. Yo' hearn tell 'bout possum hunt, ain't yo'?

[*Begins to chuckle at a recollection. Her whole body shakes.*]

I 'member once, ma ol' man, Rastus, he took some No'thun dude, was down there courtin' Miss Lucy, he took him out fo' a possum hunt. Rastus he know de dude don' know nuffin', so he jes' take him off down to de woods, an' he make him lie down on his stomach in de underbresh. "Now," he say, "yo' lie dere an' keep on a-watchin' while I frow de light ob dis lantern roun' and when yo' see it shine on some eyes—yo' jes' shoot quick."

Well, dey was a-lyin' dere an' a-lyin' dere an' Rastus was a-chucklin' at de joke he got on de dude, cause he know dey ain' no possum goin' to come an' nose 'em out—when, all at once, he frowed de light kin' ob brash like, an' sho nuff, dey was two shinin' eyes an' de dude, he up an' shoot. Clomp—somethin' fell down in de bushes.

"Rastus," says de dude, "g-wan out dere an' git dat possum I done shot."

"Possum? Possum? Dat ain' no possum," Rastus says, "I think yo' done shot a elephalunt!"

"G'wan out an' see."

"No, sah—no, sah—I ain' gwine out dere to monkey wid none ob yo' daid wild animalses."

"Come long, yo' ol' fool, I'll pick it up." So dey went a tip-toein' up to what de shot. An', what do yo' think it wuz, honey?

[*Long, loud guffaw of laughter, ending in chuckles.*]

It wuz Rastus' ol' mule! Rastus, he begin to moan an' to groan, an' he say he lub dat mule lak a brudder. Had him since he wuz a lil' bit ob mule, an' brunged him up by han'. He wuk on dat pore dude's feelin' so, dat de dude gib Rastus twenty dollars fo' dat mule! Why, honey, yo' could buy all de ol' mules in Souf' Ca'lina fo' twenty dollars!

[*Laughs loudly.*]

I sell him dat mule fo' twenty cents! . . . Moughty funny thing 'bout ma ol' man, Rastus. When I'm down home in Souf' Ca'lina, an' got to live long side ob Rastus, I think he's the laziest, good-fo'-nuthin', ornery niggah, de Lawd ever cluttered up de yearth wid, but when I'se up yere, so far way from 'im, I reckon he ain' de wust niggah de Lawd ever made. . . . He ain't sass me much —he don't dare! He don't 'buse me

none—not sence de fust time, when I frowed a flat-iron at his haid. I gwine be moughty glad to see Rastus, when I git home. An' Liza—she's ma' oldest gal. She got de cabin nex' to mine. Liza she hab got the cutest lil' pickininny in de state ob Souf' Ca'lina—she hab. Dat chile she come into ma cabin, long 'bout dis time ebery evenin' an' she look up at me, an' say—"Granny, I done come in fo' yo' to demuse me!" "Demuse yo'—demuse yo'! G'wan home an' demuse yo'self, yo' lil' sass-box!" "Aw, now, Granny, yo' know yo' gwine do it. Sit down, Granny, how yo' reckon I can sit in yo' lap, if yo' stanin' up?"

Den she jes' push me into ma big ahm chaih, an' she clomb up in ma lap, an' put her haid on ma bosom.

[*She cuddles the child against her, smiling.*]

Den she look up at me an' say—"Now, yo' gwine tell me 'bout de San' Man." Ma Lawd, I reckon I done tell dat chile 'bout de San' Man ten hundred times, but I allus do it, when she as' me purty.

[*She rocks gently and half croons, half sings the lullabye.*]

THE SAN' MAN.

When de moon is a risin' an' de day is
sinkin' fas'—
When de whip-will cries, when de
whip-will cries,
Dat's de time de lil' chilluns come a-
troopin' in to bed,
Rubbin' sleepy eyes, rubbin' sleepy
eyes.

Den de San' Man comes flyin' fum his
home behin' de Moon,
Heah 'im callin' yo'? Heah 'im call-
in' yo'?
See him fro' de san', chile, from his
bundle made o' dreams,
Off to sleep yo' go—Mammy rockin'
slow.

Go to sleep, ma honey,
San' Man at de do';
Go to sleep, ma honey,
San' Man git yo' sho'—
Heah's a rabbit-foot to keep,
Conjer man off while yo' sleep,
Close yo' eyes now, don' yo' peep,
San' Man at de do'!

[*Rocks gently, repeating the last line softly and more softly until baby is asleep. All at once she starts at Miss Lucy's call.*

She looks all about her, at the room, down at her empty arms, a look of dismay and of grief on her face. She gets up slowly, and all her homesickness comes out in one sentence.]

Fo' a minute I thought I wuz back in Gawd's country—back in Souf' Ca'lina! Yes'm, Miss Lucy, I'se a-comin', honey, I'se a-comin'!

[*She shuffles out slowly.*]

AN HOUR WITH A MODERN MARTYR

CHARACTERS:

The long-suffering PHOTOGRAPHER.
The YOUNG MOTHER with her "first."
OLGA OLSEN—lately "over."
SCENE—*A photograph gallery.*

YOUNG MOTHER *Speaks.*

Good-afternoon, Mr. Smith. Yes, I've got the Baby. I thought that girl you had in here would never go. I was so afraid the Baby would wake up and cry. Yes, he's asleep and I thought I wouldn't waken him till I had to; he's always so sweet when he first wakes up.

[*Sits down gingerly so Baby will not waken.*]

Well, I want him taken in his coat and bonnet first, all by himself. You see, his grandmother on his father's side sent him his coat, and she lives in Kansas, so she wants a picture of him in it,

and then I want some in his christening robe and some in—

[*To Baby.*]

Why—is he waked up? What's de matter, lubby-dubby, ee ain't a-going to cwy, is 'um?

[*Shakes him up and down.*]

I never knew him to do this before—he is always so cute when he wakes up.

[*Puts him over her shoulder and pats him.*]

Now, he's doin' to be Mummy's lil' man—I dess it wuz a pain, wuzn't it?

[*To photographer.*]

You'd better get him quick now, before he begins again.

[*Hotly.*]

Well, my goodness, why didn't you get your plates ready while he was crying?

[*Gets up and goes toward high chair.*]

You want me to put him in that? I don't think he'll stay, but if you want him there, I'll try it. Shall I put him in, facing front? Oh, sideways—why do you want him sideways? To make his mouth look small? Why, he hasn't a large mouth, he has a little one, and everybody thinks it's such a sweet shape.

[*Puts Baby in chair.*]

Now, darling, be nice boy an' sit up straight—

[*She kneels in front of him to hold him on chair, and goes on in the usual idiotic fashion.*]

Tum now, laugh a lil'—

[*To photographer.*]

Hurry up, now! Smile at Mummy, itty tunnin'.

[*Claps her hands, whistles and clucks.*]

Dass a nice boy—now den. . . .

[*To photographer.*]

Haven't you gotten it yet? Well, you're so slow. You'd better get all ready now, before I put him down.

[*Takes Baby up and jumps him up and down.*]

Ready now? Well, I'll put him back.

[*Puts Baby down in chair.*]

Now, den, Baby, dess one more lil' smile—why, I didn't see him move. You can't expect him to sit perfectly still, with no one to hold him. I did say I wanted one alone, but if he won't sit still I'll have to hold him.

[*Takes Baby up, sits down, and puts him over shoulder.*]

Why, Baby, I never knew you to act like this. Sit this way? Well, but he'll

kick his feet if I stop patting him, and I can't pat him in the picture, can I?

[*She begins to take his bonnet and coat off.*]

Maybe he's too hot. He's such a strange child, so smart about people. Now, I don't think he likes you very well—the minute he makes up his mind he doesn't like people, he acts like this. Yes, the doctor says he's wonderful for three months! Now, oo' sit up like lil' sojer boy for Mummy.

[*To photographer.*]

If you could whistle and clap your hands while you're taking it—he likes that. Now, den, sweety,—there—quick! Oh, dear. You see, he doesn't like you. Why, Baby! [*Proudly.*] See, how strong he kicks?

[*Gets up and walks with him.*]

Why, he's so mad—why—I think he's getting hysterical! Oh, I must get him right home,—

[*Begins getting him wrapped up.*]

Maybe we ought to call the doctor here. You've thrown him into hysterics, that is what you've done. I don't think you have any tact with children at all. . . .

[*Gets up, Baby in arms.*]

When can I get my proofs? You haven't got anything? Do you mean to

say that I've wasted this whole afternoon, and risked my child's life, and you haven't gotten any picture? Baby's fault? How dare you say it's Baby's fault, you wicked child-hater. I'll just send my husband around here to have you arrested for *libeling* my child!

[*She flounces out.*]

OLGA OLSEN *Speaks.*

Ha-do. I vant to haf ma pitture tooken. Vat size? I dunno. Cabinet? No—I don't vant a cabinet—I vant a pitture. Oh—ya-as, cabinet pitture—how moach? Dollar-fifty a dozen? Vell, but I don' vant a dozen—I only vant von for ma fella'. I can't git von—vell, I take two, den. Gotta take six? How moach? Sivinty-five?

[*She considers it gravely.*]

Vell, yus' wrap them oop, I take them right 'long. Oh, you ain' got dem yet—you got take dem? Oh, ya-as.

[*She takes position he suggests.*]

Is dese ver' I am to stood? I got-ta look at dat 'ting? Vell, it won't hurt me ven you do ut, vill ut? I *am* shmilin'.

[*Stands, hands clasped on stomach, with sickly grin.*]

Did you got him? I ain' heerd you do ut. I git anudder proof? Oh, ya-as.

[*Sits in chair, well forward, hands awkwardly draped over her knees, toes turned in, head stretched forward, with same sickly grin.*]

Poot ma foots togedder? Oh, ya-as. Ya-as, I *am* shmilin'.

[*Jumps at his remark that it is over.*]

You got anudder. You awful queeck, ain't you? I yus' take dem along now. Got-ta devel-devel—I dunno dat vord. No—I can't coom till Tarsday. Pay you now? No—not till I got de pitture. No? Vell, how I know you are honust man? Oh, I get a tickut? Vell,

[*Examines it carefully.*]

vat does de tickut let me in to? Oh, I git de pittures vid de tickut? . . . Olga Olsen—333 Hegewich Street.

[*Looks at ticket.*]

Now, dis is de proof? No—ut is de tickut. Ya-as, coom on Tarsday fur de pittures? Bring dis proof? Oh—dis ain't de proof—dis is de tickut to git de proof. Ya-as—vell, I dunno—

[*Goes out, inspecting ticket, as if hypnotized, muttering to herself.*]

WHEN MEN PROPOSE

CHARACTERS:

MARGUERITE ARDEN, an American girl.
HERR ADOLPH KIRCHOFF, of Berlin.
HONORABLE ARCHIE TWITT, of London.
MONSIEUR ALPHONSE LECOUVRE, of Paris.
CARTER COBB, of little old New York.

SCENE—*Promenade deck of an ocean liner.*

HERR KIRCHOFF *Speaks.*

[*Saunters along deck with the military bearing of a German officer, stops beside* MISS ARDEN'S *chair, and clicks his heels together in military salute.*]

FRAULEIN ARDEN, goot morgen-morning! May I de honor haf, you to seet beside?

[*She assents. He places chair, sits and deposits hat, almost in one movement. Inspects her earnestly.*]

Fraulein Arden, it iss bad you do not German spik, for I do not English goot spik. . . . You an American voman are,

eh, Fraulein Arden? Ach, eet iss unmistookable, die American voman—dere is no von like her in die vorld!

[*Look of surprise.*]

You laff, nicht wahr? But soon all de country of Europe die youth to America vill send die vife to get! I, too, to America for meine vife come.

[*With great seriousness.*]

Ach, Fraulein Arden, ven I am seek, mit vat you call der seaseekness, I think it iss too much—I vill home go for meine vife, but now, I am full of health und I forgot haf.

[*He beats his chest to assure her he is sound.*]

Fraulein Arden, eet iss tell to me dat in your country dere iss no need to der vater to go, if die young fraulein is please, nicht wahr? Die American fraulein her own husban' can pitch out, nicht wahr? Aber ya—*pick out.*

You eine unmarried voman are, Fräulein? Dass iss ganz goot. Fraulein Arden, Ich leibe dich—I lof you. I haf die estheem—die respeg for you, as high as der smoke stack! Vill you mit me to marry?

[*She interrupts him, and he stops in his flight, astonished and discomposed.*]

Ve do not know each odder? But yes, I know you fur three days—eet iss enough. Come mit me to Berlin back, und ve vill mit meine mutter lif. She iss old und crank—seek—und need of a daughter haf. Ve vill work und safe und ven meine mutter dead iss, ve vill be—reech!

[*At this point she bursts out laughing at him. He bridles with outraged pride and dignity.*]

Fraulein Arden, you misunderstood haf. I offer you my honorable lof. Vas sagen sie? If I am die only man in die vorld, you vill not with me marry? Ach—you haf die cruel hertz. In my country die vimmen are glad to get der goot husband. . . . Eet iss tell me all die American vimmen mad are to marry mit der foreigner, und now I find eet iss all lies—lies!

[*Rises and towers above her angrily.*]

You say, "No" to mein honorable lof—you laff! It is enough—I go!

[*With military salute he marches stiffly away.*]

MONSIEUR LECOUVRE *Speaks.*

[*Softly.*] C-est une belle nuit, Mademoiselle Ardenne! What you call "beauti-

ful?'' Ah, Mademoiselle, I long to teach you la belle Francais—eet ees so difficul' to say ze thought poetic in—en Anglais. Eet ees so pauvre—so bald—zese Anglais! Mais en France, Mademoiselle, eet ees different—toutes le monde spik poetry en France! An' ze lovaire—ah—eet ees not so difficult for ze lovair en Francais. You Americaines—you have not ze time to develop ze—ze—''les mots d'amour,'' what you call ze love-word. You say—''my dear''—bah! ''Darling'' non, non, non, non! ''Sweetheart''—mais nous, nous avons, ''Mon amour,'' ''mon coeur,'' ''ma bien aimee,'' . . . ah, Mademoiselle, eet ees not so difficult for ze lovaire en France.

[*This last with a deep sigh and a heart-breaking glance.*]

Mademoiselle, you are more beautiful than ze night—you are ravissant!

[*Another deep sigh.*]

You say, why do I sigh? Mademoiselle, eet ees a sigh-able thing when a man is burning up wiz love an' no tongue to speak it out. Ah, Mademoiselle, c'est moi! Je meur—I die for love of you, sweetheart! I burn—I smoke, I am Vesuvius—I am consume, I am reduce to ze ash! Do you, too, feel zese burning?

[*Starts at her laughter.*]

Mademoiselle, je ne comprend pas—you say—?

[*Rises angrily.*]

Mademoiselle, vous avez tort, I, Alphonse Lecouvre, un joke?

[*Regains his composure and begins to laugh softly, very unpleasantly,—as if to cover his retreat.*]

Mademoiselle, I make ze mistake. I forget you are la belle Americaine, wiz a sense of humor strongair zan love or repect or courtesy. For une moment I took you en serieux—pardon—vous avez raison—I am un joke I laff! Bon soir, Mademoiselle—I laff.

[*Swings off jauntily, laughing sardonically.*]

ARCHIE TWITT *Speaks.*

Aw, how d'ye do, Miss Arden, how d'ye do? Fine day, isn't it? Been fine crossin' an' all that. Beg pawdon—oh, thank you.

[*He sits down, and twirls his hat.*]

You'll be glad to be gettin' back to the other side, I suppose. Joy of home-comin' an' all that. Beastly bore, this Custom House business, isn't it? Rather spoils the romance of home-comin'. You

don't say? I'm awfully glad to hear you say that. Always heard that American women were so romantic—went in for the knight "sans peur et sans reproche."

I've always liked your American wimmen, meself, so healthy an' good-lookin' an' original, you know. Yes, always thought I might marry an American gell, if I went outside me own country, you know. Commendable, you say? Um—

[*Inspects her closely, almost suspecting sarcasm.*]

I suppose you know an awful lot of American gells, don't you? Couldn't pick out a nice one for me, now, could you? Haw-haw—not an international agency? Haw-haw—awfully clevah of you!

Me requirements? Well—a large, healthy, good-lookin' woman, ye know, nice temper—clevah—not too clevah. I'm blessed if I get on well with these awfully clevah wimmen—a fellow never knows what they're drivin' at. Of course, a fellow wouldn't want his own wife to keep him thinkin'.

No brains at all? Oh, I'd want her to have some brains. About equal to mine? Oh, no, just average amount of brain—ye know—about as much as you've got, Miss Arden. I don't mind tellin' you,

I've had some intention of proposin' to you, yes, by Jove, that's the truth. . . . You're not up to the requirements, you think? Well, maybe not—but I've had me eye on you all the way over.

Well, if you think you aren't up to it, what do you advise? What's that? Go back to England? There isn't a woman in America with as little sense as I've got?

[*Looks at her in great surprise, but without resentment.*]

Really? Dear, dear. You discourage me, you do, indeed. I'll take a few turns and think this over, if you'll excuse me.

[*Bows and retires muttering.*]

Not a woman in America with as little sense as I've got!

CARTER COBB *Speaks.*

How goes the world with you this good day, Marguerite, so sweet—so sweet? Do I have to promise to clear out at the sound of foreign heels on the deck?

[*He stands inquiringly by chair. She invites him to sit down, so he smiles, bows and accepts.*]

Yes, I've been keeping out of the way, so I wouldn't interfere with the foreign

embassies. I've watched the war of nations with much amusement. Who's in the lead?

Fooling aside, I've been hoping you'd get enough of those chaps before we get back, and turn your attention to an American laddy, who loves you mighty well and wants you for his wife.

[*Smiles at her.*]

Yes, I know a fellow that answers that description. He's just a plain, ordinary American citizen, who can't tell a woman that he loves her in ten different languages, nor make a military salute to save his life. But he's got a strong right arm to work for her, and a big heart aching to cherish her, and all he wants in this life is a chance to just take care of her.

[*Finishes more lightly.*]

I don't suppose he has much show with the belle of two continents, but I just wanted to tell you about him. WHAT? Marguerite, look at me. Oh, my dearest!

[*Tableau!*]

NICOLETTA

CHARACTERS:

GIOVANNI DIMITRI, proprietor of a small news stand, on a corner in New York.

ANTONIO DI NAVARRO, an Italian immigrant.

NICOLETTA, an Italian peasant girl.

MR. HOWARD, a New Yorker and patron of Giovanni's.

SCENE—*Giovanni's shop.*

GIOVANNI *Speaks.*

Ah, Signor, how do? I am ver' glad to see you.

[*He shakes hands with Mr. Howard, smilingly.*]

Si, Signor, I come-a back. I make-a de treep to Italia—I make-a de treep back to New York. . . . Si, I make-a de mon'—I got il bottega—il magazino—what you call—shop. Na-na—not make-a de treep to Italia on bis'ness—I make-a de treep for Nicoletta.

[*He appeals to Howard like a child asking sympathy.*]

Signor, you good fren' to G'vanni—you like to hear 'bout Nicoletta? You will seet down?

[*He proffers a chair to Howard, and sits beside him, speaking most of the time as if to himself. Only now and then does he appeal to his hearer.*]

It is long time 'go, in Italia, I make-a de love to Nicoletta. Ah, Signor, it is ver' beautiful in ma' countree, moch blue sky, moch green tree. Not like-a New York, na, na, na, ver' beautiful.

But ev'body zere is ver' poor. Eef il padre di famiglia make-a duo soldi a day—ah—'tis ver' good. Il famiglia getta spaghetti, polenta, . . . but il padre di famiglia notta make-a duo soldi each day—na, na. Ev'body ver' poor zere. So Nicoletta an' me, we cannot marry wiz each ozer.

[*His face clouds at mention of Antonio and his hands knot.*]

Antonio di Navarro—he ees, what you say? Neighbor? Si, Signor, neighbor wiz us, an' he say ev'body in New York getta reech queek—ev'body make-a de mon'. So I say to Nicoletta, "I, Giovanni, I go to New York, getta reech, an' sen' you de mon', eh, Carissima? An' she say to me, "Si, si, G'vanni."

So, Signor, I make-a de treep. Eeet is ver' different in New York. I canna' spik-a de tongue. I not getta reech queek—na, jus' work-work-work, like in ma' countree. Sell-a de peanut, sell-a de banan', make-a de music wit' de monk—work all time, an' save for Nicoletta. An' purt' soon, I gotta de mon'.

I go to Antonio—he make-a de treep wit me to New York, an' now he go to make-a de treep back to Italia. He is ma fren', so I go to him, I say, "Here is ma mon', tell Nicoletta, G'vanni is waiting."

[*A veritable fury sweeps his face.*]

Antonio di Navarro, he take-a de mon'; he make-a de treep to Italia; he tell Nicoletta G'vanni is dead—he keep de mon' an' take Nicoletta!

[*He ends hoarsely, and hurries on in a frenzy.*]

Giovanni?—what he do, Signor? He is in New York, waiting. Ev'ry boat zat comes to New York for mont' I am zere, waiting, waiting, an' no Nicoletta, so at last' I say—"she is dead."

Zen come ze word Antonio di Navarro have take Nicoletta! Ah, Signor, zen I work-a, work-a, work-a! Sell-a de peanut—sell-a de banan', make-a de music

wit' de monk, an' save, till, at las', I gotta de mon'.

[*Hurries on dramatically.*]

I make-a de treep to Italia—two day I watch an' wait, an' zen when Antonio di Navarro go home to Nicoletta, I, Giovanni, I go, too. Close behin' him in ze shadow, I go, too. Up ze stair behin' him, an' wait outside ze door. Purt' soon he come out an' go away, an' zen Giovanni, he go in. Nicoletta make-a de cry upon de floor.

"Nicolletta! Nicolletta!"

She look at me like one zat hear ze voice of ze blessed Virgin!

[*Crosses himself hastily, and goes on.*]

"Vanni! Vanni!"

"Si, Nicoletta—Vanni."

"Na, na—don't keel me, Vanni, don't keel me. He tell me you are dead—Antonio tell me you are dead—don't! Don't!—"

[*He crouches away, sobbingly, as if from fear, and then suddenly resuming his own expression, he thunders.*]

"Nicoletta—you love Antonio?"

"Na-na."

"You love me, G'vanni?"

"Si-si, Vanni, I love you."

I hear heem comin' up ze stair, I wait for him inside ze door, an' pur' soon Antonio di Navarro he come in!

[*Pantomime of swift upward stroke of the stiletto. He looks at body crumpled at his feet, breathing hard and loud. Then he kicks it, and holds out hand.*]

"Come, Nicoletta, come, come, Carissima. . . ."

[*His eye falls on his listener, and a dazed look follows, then he comes to himself with a shudder, puts his hand to his forehead, and laughs half-sobbingly.*]

Signor, I as' you to exscuse me. For one moment, I forget—I think I am back zere in—

[*Shrugs his shoulders, turns to the right and calls.*]

Nicoletta—Nicoletta! Ah, come out—come here, Carissima.

[*He takes her hand, patting it softly, as if to reassure himself of her safety. Then turns to Howard with a flourish, bowing low.*]

Signor, I make-a de pleasure to present you to my wife—to Nicoletta!

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

CHARACTERS:

TEDDY, a youthful pilgrim.

MISS ELEANOR, the Sunday school teacher.

SCENE—*Sunday school room.*

TEDDY *Speaks.*

Say, now, quit yer shovin', Reddy. I was not on yer feet—just look where your feet is! I bet you a cent Miss Eleanor is late. Or, say, I'll match you pennies. You got a penny fer the plate, ain't you? Sh—cheese it—there's Miss Eleanor.

[*Pipes out gayly to Teacher.*]

Good morning, Miss Eleanor. We thought you was going to be late. Git over, Reddy!

[*Pushes the offending Reddy. Stands up and elongates his neck in order to see the platform.*]

There's the super'tendent—we're goin' to begin.

[*Looks under seat and all about for hymnal.*]

Say, where's my hymn book? Miss Eleanor, somebody's tooken my hymn book. Thanks.

[*He pokes Reddy and demands.*]

What number hymn did he say? 23? Aw, he did not, did he?

[*Having found the place, he stands up, and sings most earnestly, the book held up in front of him.*]

All hail the flower of Jesus' name,
Let Angels phosphate all,
Bring four, the royal dia-mond,
An' crown Him, Lord and all.

[*After some pushing and scuffling he sits down again.*]

Aw, she's goin' to ast us good deeds? Have you any? . . . No, Miss Eleanor, I didn't do any good deeds this week. Oh, yes, I did, too. I was goin' to drownd six little kittens we had, an' then I didn't; I sold 'em fer ten cents apiece. Well, it was a good deed, not to drownd 'em, wasn't it?

[*Subsides a minute, then giggles.*]

Well, Reddy always says "Took care of the Baby" fer his good deed.

[*Holds up his hand and snaps his fingers loudly.*]

I got another—I forgot it. I read the

Bible every night this week. My grandmother's goin' to give me five dollars, if I read it all through, an' I'm clear up to Pu-salms. Naw, sir, I ain't goin' to give that money to the heathens; I'm goin' to get a pair of guinea pigs with it an' sell 'em. You can make a lot on 'em. I know a feller that got two an' put 'em in the barn one night an' the next mornin' six new ones had growed! I ast my father about it, an' he said it was like the "Begats" in the Bible.

[*Squirms a minute .in silence. Whispers to Reddy.*]

Do you know a tex'? Gimme one, will you?

[*Giggles.*]

Fanny Smith said "Jesus wept." Course it's funny! That's wrong. It's "Jesuswept." Yes, I understand it. Why—he—it means he swept. In the church, I suppose. Cried? Honest? Sure, I see. I thought it was "swept." Yes, I got one. "Suffering little childern to come under me, for of which is the Kingdom of Heaven." Yes'm, I know what it means, but I can't explain it.

[*Listens while text is explained, his eyes wandering.*]

Yes'm, I understand. Take your feet over, will you?

[*Snaps his fingers and waves his arm.*]

I know—Miss Eleanor, I know. A paramel is something in the Bible that ain't true, like a fairy story, like that about the fishes an' bread, an' walkin' on the water, an' all that. Well, my father said nobody could stand up on the water. I think it means tread water; don't you?

[*Punches Reddy, yawns, and wiggles. Whispers.*]

Gee, I wisht she'd get through with paramels. Billy Scott's waitin' to swap marbles with me. I heard him whistle. Say, look at Lucy Flinn. She's asleep an' a fly most went in her mouth. Goody there's the super'tendant now.

[*Dives for his hymn book.*]

What one did he say? Oh, I know that one by heart.

[*Gets up, shuffling with his feet.*]

Say, now, don't you go an' shove me in the march, or I'll smash your face when I get you outside!

[*Sings sweetly as he marches out.*]

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

I used to be a bad boy,
The Devil's willing tool;
But now, I am a good boy,
Since I joined the Sunday school.

Teacher, Teacher, why am I so happy,
happy?
Happy, happy, in my own dear Sunday
school?

IN THE WINGS

CHARACTERS:

JANE GRAY, an old actress.

JANE GRAY, her young namesake.

THE NURSE.

PLACE—*The Actor's Home.*

[*Jane Gray, bent and feeble, hobbes out onto the porch of the Home, leaning on the Nurse's arm, and on a cane. Makes her way to a chair.*]

JANE GRAY *Speaks.*

Slowly, Nurse, slowly—these old bones of mine are nearly worn out.

[*Leans on back of chair, panting; then gets slowly around and into chair.*]

That's better—that's better.

[*Looks about her.*]

It's a beautiful day, Nurse; a beautiful day. Visitor's day, you say? Ah, yes, I had forgotten. . . . There was a

time when my day at home was famous throughout the land—but now—yes, I'm very comfortabe, Nurse. Is the bell where I can reach it? That's all, then, Nurse; thank you.

[*Nurse exit.*]

I hear you, Robin Redbreast, singing up there so blithely. You won't sing so gayly when you're as old as I am. . . . There never seems to be any old age in Nature, on the surface all is so young and gay—but underneath there is decay. . . .

[*Turns face to the right and peers at some one approaching.*]

How do you do? Yes, this is Jane Gray, or all that is left of her—a sort of ruins—a magnificent monument.

[*Laughs brokenly and tries to focus her eyes on visitor.*]

You came out from New York to see me? Why, that was very kind of you. Can you find a chair, or shall I ring for some one? Ah, that's right—bring it close, my dear; I don't hear very well. And now, what is your name, dear?

[*She starts and faces visitor.*]

Jane Gray! My namesake? Why, that's very sweet—

[*Pats girl's hand.*]

That's very sweet. How did it happen, dear? Your aunt, Rosa Dane, named you after me? Rosa Dane—Rosa Dane—why, I remember Rosa. She supported me in the "Lyons Mail"; I remember her well. And how is your aunt, child? Dead? Ah, yes, I might have known. They're all dead, and I am living on after my time.

[*She lapses into reverie, coming back with start.*]

Where do you live, dear? Pleasant Meadows? That has a very peaceful sound. . . . Your father and mother are living? Ah, yes, your father is pastor there. Pastor of the flock at Pleasant Meadows!

[*Lapses into reverie.*]

Do you go to school, dear? [*Starts.*] What? Going on the stage? You don't say? My namesake, and on the stage? And that's why ye've come to see me. Your father objects, does he? Well, you can't blame him. Pleasant Meadows has a very protected sound. Yes, yes, dear, I know it seems unreasonable to you—how the caution of maturity galls youth! —but you must look on both sides of the picture before you decide.

The stage is a hard taskmaster. If you enlist in that great army, you must

make up your mind to many things. For one thing, you can never have a home; you live like a gypsy—now here, now there, always moving on. It is my belief that an actress has no right to marry—for she cannot do her full duty by her art, her husband and her children; one or the other must suffer; so, my dear, the actress dedicates herself to one companion—Loneliness.

She must give her life to the public to read, like an open book, and if she slips, or falls, that public is her sternest judge.

Then there's the money side—stage folk are an improvident lot—money comes easy—goes easy, and we never mark the days of our affluence until we are upon the days of our decline. And then it is too late.

[*She lapses into reverie again, recalled by the girl, who protests at the picture she draws.*]

Ah, yes, my dear; then there's the other side. There are all the things that make the profession fascinating. Travel, change, applause, flattery—there's the smell of scenery, so sweet to the actor's nose; there is the sound of the orchestra, tuning up—the whirr of the curtain rising; and then—people—tier on tier, ris-

ing clear to the top. It is yours to make them laugh—to make them weep—to make them joy and to despair. You—you— the creator—you have power to do these things, and every minute is full of a divine possibility.

[*She has straightened up, as if fired by the old thoughts into a semblance of youth. Then she glances back, as if at a unseen companion.*]

And then comes old age creeping on apace, until he stalks abreast, and keeping step . . . and then at last—the Home. Not a home where they welcome you and love you—but the Home—the Actor's Home. Oh, they are very kind to us here, but—the time is long.

[*Shakes off melancholy and turns to girl merrily.*]

But you'll think I'm a regular Granny Grunt. Tell me, dear, what sort of thing do you want to do—comedy or tragedy. Comedy? Ah, that is well—make them laugh—make them laugh. Couldn't you do some little thing for me, so I can see what sort of actress little Jane Gray will be? Good. Push back the chairs and set your stage.

Youth will play to the Birds and to Old Age!

[*Turns and watches as girl arranges stage.*]

Now, what will ye do for me? A bit from Nance Oldfield? Ah—I've played the part hundreds of times. What scenes do you do? Yes, yes, where Alexander, the young lover, comes to Oldfield, and she tries to disillusion him, according to her promise to his father. Good—now, begin.

[*She leans on her stick, her face alight with interest. Half talks to herself in comment.*]

Hm—good voice quality. That's very good—very clever. [*Laughs.*] The dear audience, how it does laugh at those lines! [*Quickly.*] Is that your own business? That's good. . . . No—no, child; take that speech, up stage at center. No, wait—

[*Gets to her feet slowly and hobbles painfully.*]

These old bones, they mutiny whenever I order action. Now, Oldfield stands here—Alexander is there—

[*She begins in cracked voice.*]

"The emotions, sir, they pass through my—what do you call it?

[*Shakes her head.*]

I see I must enlighten you. Sit down —sit down, I tell you.

[*Takes a few steps forward, looking at Alexander, who sits at her left.*]

"The tears, my young sir, are as real as the rest,—as the sky, and that's pasteboard; as the sun, and he is three candles, smirking on all Nature, which is canvas,—and they are as real as ourselves, the tragedy queens, with our sighs, our cries, our sobs, all measured out to us by a five-foot rule. Reality, young gentleman! That begins when the curtain falls, and we wipe away our profound sensibility along with our rouge, our whiting, and our beauty spots. . . .

[*Crosses down right.*]

What's that you say? "Those tears are dewdrops on the tree of poetry? . . . I vow you'll send me into a fit. No, my good soul, if I was to vex myself night after night for Clymtemnestra & Co., don't you see I should not hold together long? No, thank you, I've got Nance Oldfield to look after, and what's Hecuba to her? For my part I don't understand half the authors give

us to say. . . . Why, do you know, I calculate the exact value of every poetical passage I have to recite. Listen.

[*Declaims.*]

"Come, come, you spirits,
That attend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here."
That's worth just tenpence!
"That my keen blade see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry—Hold, hold!" . . .

[*Makes her climax with big, sonorous voice; then claps hand to her heart, moaning.*]

It's nothing—my chair, Jane . . . it's just my tired old heart.

[*Gets back to her chair painfully.*]

Well, old friend, couldn't you stand just one more scene? . . . No, no, don't call any one; I'd rather be alone with you, little Jane.

[*Pants a little, her hand to her heart.*]

Jane, I've been ready, sitting in the

Wings, so long, waiting for the Call-Boy Death, and he is slow in coming—slow—

[*Her voice trails off to nothing, her left hand flies to her heart —then drops, her eyes stare, and her head falls back, the mouth open, the body limp.*]

CURTAIN.

AT THE FRESH AIR CAMP

CHARACTERS:

LIZZIE TRIPP, from the slums.

MRS. MORTON, head of the Fresh Air Camp.

LIZZIE *Speaks.*

My name is Lizzie Tripp. I live in the basement under Casey's saloon. Yes'm, I gotta father—I guess I got one, I ain't never seen him. Yes'm, I gotta mother. She does scrubbin' when she's sober. Yes'm, I works when I can. Well, I rushes the can fer folks thet can't git to Casey's theirselves, an' I takes care of babies. A lady gimme a ticket to come to the country. No, I ain't never been to the country before, but I know a girl thet come onct.

[*She jumps and screams in fright.*]

What's that? What is it? A grasshopper? Is it a animal? Oh, don't catch it, it'll bite you.

[*Looks at it in terror.*]

Ain't it awful? [*Backs off quickly.*] Oh, I don't like it to jump that way. Spits tobacco? Who gives it the tobacco? . . . Honust? I bet it eats snipes.

[*She looks about suspiciously.*] Trees? Yes, there's lots of 'em, ain't there? Who planted 'em? They just grew here? Why don't they grow round where I live? We got sun there—sometimes, and there's dirt—there's a whole pile of it back of Casey's, but nothin' grows there, ceptin' cans. . . . What's the matter with them trees? They keep shiverin' all the time. The wind in 'em? Oh! [*Peers out half alarmed.*]

What? That blue out there? Is that the lake? Water—real water? Is it wet water? How'd they carry it out there? They didn't carry it? How'd it get there? Gawd put it there? How'd he do it? Is it piped, like a sewer? I seen a sewer onct—they made it in Market street, in a big pipe. This ain't piped. Well, I don't see how He got it there; do you? Go in it—in the water? I wouldn't do it—I'd get all wet. Lots of children play in it? Don't their mothers lick 'em fer it? Nobody gets licked here? Won't I git licked fer nothin' out here? Gee!

[*Peers out again.*] Where? I don't see—oh, them yel-

low an' white things? Are those flowers? Who put 'em there? They're stuck in, ain't they? Pick 'em? Me? Nixy—you want me to get pinched, don't you? I don't swipe nuthin' an' git the cop down on you. No cop here? Say, what ye givin' me—is dat de truth?

[*Screams and points.*]

Look out—get away—there's a thing—a toad? Hully Gee—take it away—I'm scairt of it. Did you kill it? It'll get me when I go out, won't it? Well, I ain't goin' out. . . . [*Points.*]

Oh, look at the percession—it ain't Fourth of July, is it? Well, where are all them kids marchin' to? Supper—at them tables under the trees? Is it a picnic? Is there real food out'n a basket? Did the supper grow like the trees an' the flowers? . . . Sure, I'll go wit' you, but I'm scairt to go alone.

[*Looks about almost tearfully.*]

It's so big, an' lonesome, an' empty out here, an' I'm kind of 'fraid of things; I feel's if I ought to git licked, er 's if I'd got religion. . . . I gotta nickel, a lady gimme on the car comin' out, an' I want to give it to somebuddy!

[*Stands awestruck looking at Mrs. Morton, who has leaned over and kissed her. She puts her hand to her cheek.*]

I ain't never been kissed before!

[*With a sudden opening of her heart.*]

Say—do you think Gawd hears you when you tells Him things?

[*Lifts her face and holds up her hand, as if to call attention to her prayer. Reverently.*]

Gawd, I like this place, an' this lady thet kissed me—thank you—Amen!

[*She turns with a soft smile, puts her hand in Mrs. Morton's confidingly, and they go out together.*]

AT THE CHARITY FAIR

CHARACTERS:

MRS. DICK KENDALL.

MRS. MATTHEWS.

SCENE—*Booth of All Nations at a Charity Bazaar.*

MRS. KENDALL *Speaks.*

[*Very sweetly.*] Yes, this is the Booth of All Nations. May I show you some of our beautiful things? Oh, a reporter?

[*Manner changes abruptly to one of great indifference.*]

Really, you will have to excuse me—you are the twenty-third reporter to interview me to-day. [*Curtly.*] No, I am not an American Indian; I'm a Hungarian Gypsy. The articles on sale are all marked, so you can look at them yourself. I must attend to *customers.*

[*Turns to Mrs. Mathews.*]

Aren't these newspaper people tiresome? Sell her anything? Of course

not—she was only a reporter. Mrs. Platt VanCruger? That woman? Why, she told me she was a reporter. Well, she didn't actually say she was, but she asked who else was in the booth, and that's the way reporters always begin.

[*Tone full of despair.*]

She's worth sixty million if she's worth a cent! Why didn't you stop me, when you saw how I was snubbing her?

[*She motions toward some one passing.*]

Will you look at that Mrs. Caxton? Isn't she a fright? How can a woman get herself up like that? Her husband ought to prevent it. Dick Kendall wouldn't stand for it, I tell you, if I looked like that. . . . Is your husband acting up over this Fair? It is so unreasonable, the way men go on. I was just pointing out to Dick last night, the way we women have to slave over this thing, and how *some* of the husbands stand by their wives, and he came back at me pretty strong. He almost cursed about it; he said the husbands were damned fools to put up with it, and it was the last time he'd stand for it. . . . He says I have all the servants down here helping, and he has to walk home every night, because I always have the machine.

and he has to eat near-food out here, because we don't serve any meals at home. Some girl charged him a dollar and sixty cents for a cucumber sandwich and a cup of tea last night—that was his dinner. I told him he was an idiot to pay it, but he said the girl was awfully pretty. It's disgusting the way these young girls go after the married men. I just told him, though, he ought to be ashamed to complain about these little unimportant things, when it was all for charity.

[*Nods and smiles to some one approaching.*]

Here comes Teddy Blake—watch me sell him half the stock!

[*Smiles .invitingly, and shakes hands with Teddy.*]

Hello, Teddy; how are you? Oh, do I? Thanks—Dick says I look like the dickens. Want to see some of our pretty things? Yes, we have everything to sell that grows. Here's a nice thing, a copper smoking set—only ten dollars. Got six for Christmas—?

[*Laughs and takes up something else.*]

Here's an Alaskan basket—awfully cheap—five fifty. You can use it for everything. . . . Oh, here's the cutest

thing—a combing jacket—we're selling dozens of them. You put it around your shoulders when you comb your hair. Oh, not you—you haven't any hair—your wife. All the women are crazy about them—so Nan's sure to like it. Here's a kimona that goes with it—sort of a set. Awfully cheap—fifteen dollars for the whole thing. You'll take it—good. Well, we're a little short on boxes, so if you could just carry it over your arm. Thanks. Come round again.

[*Drops change in box, turns to Mrs. Mathews with satisfied smile.*]

Didn't I tell you I'd fix him? What? Who is getting a divorce—Teddy and Nan Blake? For the Land's sake! My dear, I haven't seen a paper for three weeks; I've just thought nothing and taked nothing but this Fair. Mercy—what will the poor boy do with that combing set? I've a good mind to buy it back from him—at half price.

[*Nods with mechanical smile.*]

There's that little Maxwell cat. I don't see what they let her in for. She's keeping a list of all her sales, and she'll have it published in every paper in town. I never would have had her in the Fair at all, if I'd had anything to

say. Well, Charity or none, you have to draw the line somewhere. She's coming over here. [*Very sweetly.*]

Good afternoon, Mrs. Maxwell. We're doing splendidly. Aren't you tired? I'm nearly dead; my feet hurt me so they nearly kill me. Have you? That's fine!

[*Shoots glance after departing Mrs. Maxwell.*]

Well, there's no use antagonizing that sort of a person; besides, she's awfully clever at making the men buy things they don't want.

[*Glances up at woman approaching.*]

This woman won't buy anything—you can always tell.

[*Answers the woman absently.*]

Yes, the Fair is for the benefit of the Lakeside Settlement. I don't know.

[*To Mrs. Mathews.*]

Do you know where the settlement is? Um—hm—I thought it was somewhere round that neighborhood.

[*Replies to woman curtly.*]

No, I've never been there. I don't know how many children there are there.

[*Turns look of surprise, then astonishment and indignation, at the woman.*]

Really, that is a matter of taste!

[*Turns her back on her and speaks to Mrs. Mathews.*]

Did you hear her? She said if I had donated the money I spent on my costume, and gone down to the Settlement and worked, I'd be in better business than parading my bad manners at a society Fair! It's awful the way these cranks get in.

[*Slightly anxious look dawns on her face.*]

Dear me—there comes Dick. I hope he isn't in as bad a humor as he was last night. [*Calls out cheerfully.*]

Hello, dearie; awfuly sweet of you to come out so early. Going where? Home to dinner? But, darling, you know the cook and Annie are both helping in the German Coffee House—there isn't going to be any dinner at home. I can't go get them; I promised they would help there, and they need them. Besides, I want you to help get these things packed up to-night after we close. Well, *all* the husbands are going to help.

[*She begins to cry and works up to a climax.*]

Very well, go to town and get a decent meal and leave me here, alone, to work

all night. You are the only husband who has acted like this, and fussed, and cursed—you did; you said damn—and I do think when it's for Charity, and you know how tired I am—go away, I'm entirely upset now, for the whole evening.

[*Weeps copiously into her handkerchief, until husband departs, then turns a serene smile on Mrs. Mathews.*]

It's all right. I knew he'd stay out and work if I cried a little. Isn't it awful the way husbands force you to act? I wonder if it pays to wear yourself out like this, and make your servants and your husband cross for weeks, —just for charity?

AUNT JANE

CHARACTERS:

AUNT JANE WIGGINS, who has been to "the City."

The Members of the Village Missionary Society.

SCENE—*The Church Parlors.*

AUNT JANE *Speaks.*

Wa'al, howdy-do, everybuddy? My sakes, the nicest part of goin' on a trip is gittin' home again. Howdy-do, Miss Stanton? You're enjoyin' the same old pore health, I see; you ought to take a trip—it ud help you. Jemimy, how nice you look; I ain't seen nuthin' as stylish as you are, in the City. Miss Paxon, how's all them nine childern of yours? Measles? Land sakes! Wa'al, it's a blessin' it ain't whoopin' cough. Think of nine whoops agoin' all at onct!

By rights, I ought to be to home this minute a-bakin' extry pies, so's to git Pa and the boys filled up. You'd think they ain't et since I left, the way they

eat. I dunno's I blame 'em, considerin' Tom's wife's cookin'—she come in to git their meals while I wuz gone. . . . What ye got fer me to git at, Miss Parsons? Pants? Wa'al, I reckon I can make out to git a pair of pants together; I've made enough of 'em. These is fer a purty small heathen, ain't they?

[*She holds them up and inspects them. Gets out needle, thread and thimble from her bag, while she talks.*]

I 'member the fust pair of pants I made fer John, my oldest boy—he's got a grocery store in Californy. now—I'd never made none before, so I jest cut 'em straight, ain't sloped 'em none, you know, an' they wuz certainly a funny shape. You couldn't tell whether the child wuz a-comin' or a-goin', and when he fell down, somebuddy had to run and git him up. Talkin' 'bout pants, ye oughter see the kind them city dudes is wearin'—looks jes' like divided skirts. I seen lots of queer things in the City; it does brighten a body up to git away.

No, Jemimy, I didn't mortgage the farm to git there. I s'pose I may as well tell you folks now as any time how I got the money, so's to save you the trouble of findin' out. You all know

'bout my nephew Richard and his wife, an' how they ben a-askin' me to visit them fer ten years—well, Richard's wife, Ruth, she up an' sent me twenty-five dollars and told me they wuz tired of waitin,' an' to jest git on a train an' come along. Wa'al, I hed saved up thirteen dollars and ten cents myself, so Pa didn't hev to hand out a cent, an' I jest told 'em I'd ben wantin' to go to the City all my life an' now I wuz a-goin'. 'Fore they got their breath I wuz off an' gone.

Wa'al, when I got to the City there wuz Ruth an' Richard waitin' fer me, in a autymobile. I don't s'pose I ever would hev got in the thing, if it ain't I'm so upset with the noises an' the ringin' an' clangin' thet Richard jes' put me in an' started off before I knew what he wuz doin'.

I wisht you could see thet house, Miss Hawkins. They keep three hired girls an' a feller they call the Butler to open the door, if anybuddy knocks, an' wait at table. Land sakes, he did worry me so at first, standin' there lookin' at you, an' never sayin' a word! The first day at dinner, I see I had a clean napkin at my place, an' I sez—"Jest have that put away, Ruth, I can use my pocket hand-k'chief!" an' that man let out a sneeze

or somethin' right behind me, an' I nearly jumped out of my skin. Ruth sez, "Barker, leave the room!" My, I never would have dared speak to him like that, an' when I called him *Mr.* Barker, Ruth told me I mustn't—it was just "Barker."

An' the table she set—you never could tell what you wuz eatin'. I never recognized a thing thet come on the table while I wuz there, an' they never had pie onct. I come home pie-hungry. Wa'al, I dunno's I liked it so much, but I managed to make out all right.

What say, Miss Parker? Did she have silk rag carpets? No, they wuz little scraps of store carpet round everywhere, an' you wuz always slippin', 'cause the floors is jest like ice. No, they wuzn't a good rag carpet in the house.

I wisht you could see 'em spend money! The first day I wuz there Ruth took me down town an' bought me a silk dress an' a new bunnit, an' a silk coat, an' she made me wear 'em all the time. It most broke my heart. I told her I'd ruther keep that dress to be laid out in, but she wouldn't hear of it.

They asked me where I'd like best to go, so I sez I'd like to go to their church, an' meet their minister, an' go to the

Missionary Society, but Ruth says they don't have 'em in the City much, an' Richard he laffed an' sez—"Let's take Aunt Jane to the Vuddyville!" I didn't know what it wuz, so I went. I didn't know it wuz the theayter, till I got there. Yes, Malviny Parsons, I wuz to the theayter, an' what's more, I wisht you all could go, fer it ain't wicked at all, barrin' some things.

Wa'al, I dunno's I can tell you what it's like, Jemimy. It's sort of like a church, only bigger, 'n' the part as would be the altar is kind of high, with a plush curtain in front of it. Richard an' Ruth an' I set in a little place off to one side, kind of like the choir loft, but most folks set in the regular pews, —seats, I mean.

There wuz a band playin' when we come in, an' a girl come out an' sung somethin' or other, in a silk dress, and then she run off an' in a minute she wuz back, dressed up in boy's clothes, right there before all them people, men, women an' all. It wuz terrible, but I jest looked right up at the ceilin', I never looked at her but onct, an' I will say fer the girl, she only stayed a minute, an' 'fore I knowed it she wuz back in some more clothes. I dunno how she got herself changed so

quick. Richard wuz laughin' an' lookin' at me. "She's a lightning change artist, Aunt Jane," he sez. "The lightning ought to have struck her in them pants!" I sez, an' just then the curtain went up, an' there wuz a house with two doors an' two windows. It wuz kind of dark, an' purty soon a tramp-lookin' man come along, an' I sez to Richard—"What's that tramp a-doin' here?" He sez, "Sh! he's one of the actors." Wa'al, the tramp got out a hammer an' a awl an' begun to break into the house. I told Richard somebuddy ought to git the police, but he laughed, an' not a soul in that house tried to stop him. Purty soon a policeman come along, an' I sez, "Uh-huh," an' everybuddy laughed, an' Ruth sez, "Sh!" When the tramp seen the policeman, he ran in the door an' jumped out the window, with the policeman after him, an' they kep' a-appearin' an' a disappearin', an' everybuddy wuz yellin' an' laughin'. Purty soon the tramp come out on the roof an' jumped off, an' I sez—"Landsakes, I bet he's killed!" But Richard sez it's just a play, an' 'fore he could explain to me, the curtain whisked down, an' I dunno whether he caught him er not.

Next a little girl come out, a little thing no bigger'n your Lucinda, Miss

Parsons, with pink stockings an' shoes on', an' a pink dress, an' she sung too cute fer anything, an' ast somebuddy to go home with her, 'cause her father wuz a drunkard. When she wuz done everybuddy clapped, but not a soul got up to go, so I got up, an' I sez—"Richard, come along." "Where to?" he sez. "Home with that child," I sez. "Set right down, Aunt Jane; that's just a song; she don't really want anybuddy to go home with her—" he sez. "But ain't her father a drunkard?" He sed he didn't know. "Wa'al," I sez, "I ain't never seen no drunkard's child dressed like that, but no child can call on me fer help in vain."

Then there wuz a couple of niggers come along. No, Malviny, the child went away before the niggers come out. They begin talkin' an' laughin' an' I didn't understand them very good, but purty soon they begun to dancin' an' singin', an' my sakes alive! everybuddy wuz laughin' an' I wuz laughin' fit to kill. They kind of shook their feet out like this.

[*Gets up, holds out her skirts and tries to do shuffle.*]

Then they wuz trained dogs an' a lot of things, an' then the curtain went up an' I thought I wuz lookin' right into

Heaven. It wuz all sort of hazy an' white, an' a Angel wuz sittin' at a organ, an' other Angels all round up high, like they'd just stopped flyin', an' one of 'em sang a hymn 'bout Jerusalem, an' all the rest sang in the chorus, an' I wanted to git right down on my knees, but they wa'nt room. The tears wuz a-runnin' down my face, an' when Richard an' Ruth saw I wuz a-cryin' they kind of cried, too. When that holy vision faded, I turned to Richard an' I sez—"That's the grandest sight I ever see, an' I think the theayter is a better place than folks give it credit fer bein'. I wisht our hull congregation wuz down here, minister an' all, to see that Angel scene, fer it would make better men an' women of 'em all." Ruth she just hugged me an' sez I'm a dear old soul—an' there ye are, Miss Parsons. I guarantee them pants 'll hold together fer the rampaginest heathen on Afric's coral strand.

[*Hands over her sewing, puts away her things in her bag.*]

Landsakes, you must be tired out listenin' to me run on, but—why, yes, Miss Parsons, I will lead in prayer.

[*She stands up and folds her hands, reverently, her eyes closed.*]

"Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the blessings we have, and don't think we're ungrateful, if we ask fer some more. If in Thy merciful goodness, Thou couldst let all these women go fer a trip to the City, so's they could see that Angel scene, how it would enrich their lives. Even if they had to see the girl with the pants, Lord, the Angel scene would make up for it. Forgive our sins, Lord; make us better folks, an' lead us Home at last. Amen."

[*She turns to the rest of them.*]

I want to say before I go, thet I would ruther be the porest old woman in the village an' live right here, then to be the richest woman in the City,—an' thet's the best part of takin' a trip!

THE SHAMPOO WOMAN

CHARACTERS:

MRS. O'GRADY, a shampoo artist.
MRS. ALDEN, her patron.
SCENE—*Mrs. Alden's Dressing-room.*

MRS. O'GRADY *Speaks.*

[*Mrs. O'Grady enters, places bag on chair, and puts on her apron while she talks.*]

Good marnin', Mum; I hope I see yez well, Mum. Yis, 'tis a gran' day, an' foine fer dhryin' the scalp. Ye're all riddy, I see, Mum. Will yez sit here in the sun, Mum?

[*Places chair for Mrs. Alden. drapes a towel round her neck, and takes down her hair, placing the hairpins on table beside her.*]

Ye've got the foinest head of hair av any lady Oi worr-ruk for! Oi say thot to all av them? Dade I don't Mum. 'Tis

the truth Oi'm tellin' ye, ye've got a gran' head av hair!

[*She rubs Mrs. Alden's hair and brushes it, talking all the time.*]

It makes Mrs. Findlay's hair look loike thurty cints. Yis, this is her-r day. too. Does she use phwat? No, darlin'; she uses good old hydrogen pyroxide, that's phwat she uses. Her hair is as black as ink, whin 'tis lift alone. Mrs. Findlay—she's a wonder, she is. She ought to 'a' been a play actor, she ought. Oi've been puttin' that shtuff on her, an' a-bleachin' out her hair, fer three years, an' she niver fails to till me, phwat a blond baby she wuz!

Yis, there's mony a lady thot uses ut, but not so many as used to. Ivry wan av thim sez 'tis only to bring out the gold an' brighten oop the hair! Ye moight as well talk av bringin' gold out av clay bricks as out av black hair, to my thinkin'. Ye niver saw a bleached woman thot couldn't sphot anither bleached woman a mile off, an' yit they always think no wan suhpects *thim.* There ye are—ready to wash.

[*She goes to faucet, turns on water, feels it, moves the chair over for Mrs. Alden to sit in, and begins to wash her hair.*]

Am I drowndin' ye, darlin'? Hot, is ut? There—is thot all roight? I wouldn't burn ye fer the wor-rld. Though there's some wimmen I shampoo I just as soon scald as not! There—thot's over.

[*Wraps towel about her head and moves chair back to original position. Begins to rub and dry hair.*]

Now, we'll soon be done. Your hair is so noice an' soft, Mum. I got wan lady with hair loike foine wire, an' she's forever tellin' me she can't do nuthin' wid ut, it's so soft. She sez to me the ither day, she sez—"Maggie"—she sez, "phwat shall Oi do wid me hair—'tis so soft?" "Well," I sez, "if 'twas moine," I sez, "Oi'd use cold starch!"

I tell ye, Mum, hair is awful contrary stuff, so it is. Some hair is the manest-natured, cross-grained, stubbornest stuff on the face av the urth. An' 'tis loike a baby; ye can't punish ut. 'Tis often Oi'm achin' to use the back av the brush, irstid av the bristles.

Red hair is the manest av all. Ye can labor with ut fer a loifetoime, an' in the ind, 'tis the same mane-sphirited upsthandin' stuff that it wuz at the furst, an' all yer pains arr washted. Noice

brown hair loike yer own, Mum, is the pleasantest sphoken hair to be associated with. No, I ain't a blarney, Mum; Oi'm a truth-tellin', high-moinded Oirish Aritocrat, somephwat rejuced in circumstances! There ye are—Mum.

[*Takes off apron, packs bag, and gets ready to go.*]

Oi have done tin heads to-day, Mum. Tin a day, foive days a wake, an' ivry day 'll be wash day by an' bye! Two wakes frum to-day, Mum. Good-bye, Mum—a pleasant day to ye, Mum.

[*Goes out, nodding farewell.*]

HEROINES

CHARACTERS:

MYRTLE TEAGUE, of the Depot Restaurant, Pinhook, Indiana.
[*Imitation of a George Ade heroine.*]

EZRY TAGGART, a Hoosier farmer.

BUDDY, "chore boy."

MYRTLE *Speaks.*

Say, fer the Land's sakes, who upset this custard pie? Well, look-a-here, Buddy, when you go to upsettin' a pie, you git one with a top to it. I never seen such a mess, and "44" due here any minute. Git a rag and wipe it up.

[*Catches sight of Ezry, who salutes.*]

Mornin', Ezry; how are you? No, set down. I ain't got nuthin' to do till "44" gits in, and she's late to-day. Due at 12:10. Yes, we allus git a crowd on "44." They come a-crowdin' in here like a herd of hungry buffaloes. I tell you, the station eatin' house is the place

to see folks! Why, we git wimmen in here, every day, nice lookin' wimmen, too, jest pushin' and scratchin' to git up to the counter first, and men bellerin' fer their food like elephants.

Jest last night we had a feller in here, good-lookin' feller, too, awful stylish-lookin'. Well, he set up to the counter and he ordered up everything in sight. He had two cups of coffee, six doughnuts, two pieces pie, a glass of milk and a pickle. Well, every time I went past him he handed me out a jolly, an' at last I sez to him, "Look-a-here, young feller; we don't have none of the free an' easy kind in here, so don't you git near with me!" He sez, "No offense intended, Pretty!" Well, I didn't pay no attention to him till he had et, and then I sez, "Sixty cents!" He threw down fifty cents and a dime, and then he hands out a quarter.

"Here's somethin' fer you—" he sez; "git yerself a diamond tiara or a ribbon!"

Well, I jest shoved the quarter back towards him, holdin' on to it all the time, and I sez:

"I never was one to pluck the blue ribbon off'n the prize exhibit!" I sez, jest like that.

Jest then the Porter yells "All

aboard'' and I had to hustle, so I never thought no more about it till I went to git my quarter, and would you believe it —every cent of it was counterfeit. All except the dime, and that was thin. Some four-flush drummer handin' off the bit coin! Oh, I tell you, you got to watch 'em.

How's your folks, Ezry? huh? You don't say? Fer the land sakes, Ezry, how many is that? Nine 'er 'leven, you can't remember which? [*Laughs.*] I don't blame you. I wuz a-drivin' past your place last week, and I sez "Ezry Taggart's place looks like the Orphant Asylum!"

Say, I see by the mornin' "Spread Eagle" thet Miss Co'nelia Higgins is visitin' down to your place. Who's she after down there? You don't say? Dont' she beat all? She's goin' to git a man, if she has to lassoo him and drag him to the altar!

[*Startled glance at him, then, coyly.*]

Who told you that? All over town? Well, I wisht the folks in this town would mind their own business. . . . Yes, he's a nice feller Jethro Judd is his name. Oh, no, he don't live here, he's a city feller. Well, he's a self made man, Ezry, he's a Pullman car conductor. No,

I met him here. 'Bout six weeks ago it wuz. The Christian Endeavors had a lawn-fete up to Hawkins' Grove and Jethro had came in on one of the evenin' trains, and somebody had took him up there. He wuz standin' with Freddy Brown when I come in. Freddy told me 'bout it afterwards. He sez Jethro punched him, and sez—

"Gee—who's the Queen of Sheba?"

"Why, that's Myrtle!"

"Say, I'd be a willing performer in that direction"—he sez, and so Fred brought him up. Well, I seen as soon as I spoke to him that he wuz a feller with a lot of 'savoir de faire' so I put on my most 'rickershay' manner, jest fer the sake of the town, you know. I couldn't shake him. He come down here to the restarong with me, and we had a piece of pie and a cup of coffee, *on him*, and he's been comin' in twict a week since.

Oh, no, there ain't no real date set. It's grand to have a gentleman friend so high up in the railroad. Why, I can go from here to Kokomo any time, fer nuthin'.

[*She starts at sound of engine whistle.*]

There's '44' a-whistlin'. Come round

again, Ezry. Regards to the folks. Buddy, reach me that pie knife, and git ready, fer "apres nous the deluge!"

[*Her French is pronounced according to the spelling.*]

II.

CHARACTERS:

LADY CECILY DUNWALD.
[*Imitation of a Bernard Shaw Heroine.*]

MONSIEUR ALPHONSE DAURIGNY, a French Portrait Painter.

LORD DUNWALD.

CAPTAIN PHILIP TRAVERS, U. S. A.

SCENE—*Drawing room at Dunwald Castle, where Lady Dunwald is serving the Painter with tea.*

LADY DUNWALD *Speaks.*

Alphonse, you paint with words, as well as with brushes! I've always thought of love as an outgrown fallacy of the past and now you bring it to me a breathing, living reality!

[*Walks about thoughtfully.*]

Ah, yes, it seems very simple to you. You say, "Give me the rest of your life and we'll make a little Paradise of our own." But, my good friend, what are we going to do with those other two? What other two? Why, my husbands.

[*Looks at him in surprise.*]

Two, an unusual number you say? Possibly, but then I am unusual, I'm a type. No, I never told you the tale, I thought it would bore you. Of course, if you like.

[*She sits facing him.*]

Two years ago, in America, I was married to young, handsome, dashing Captain Philip Travers of the United States Army. We bored each other for one dreary year, and then we decided to separate. We drew up a contract of separation and I insisted upon Philip's signing it, for I knew him to be entirely without conscience, and he insisted on my signing, for exactly the same reason.

No, there was no talk of divorce. You see, we were so hopelessly in debt that I knew there was no chance of alimony, so we just separated. . . . Oh, yes, I had the usual number of parents. I might have gone to them, but they were always so uncongenial. I never could see why children should be ex-

pected to love their parents. They know nothing about these people whom they are thrown in with, by chance. No, I couldn't go there, so I took what money there was, and came to London.

Shortly after that I met Lord Dunwald, rich, respectable, middle aged—fifty—and he did me the honor to ask me to run away and marry him. There was really not much choice. I had no time to explain to Philip, and I had no impulse to explain to Dunwald, so we were married. Of course, I cabled Philip at once to begin proceedings for desertion. Unluckily my cable found him in New York on leave of absence. What did he do? Took the next steamer, and came across to talk it over. Voila! There I was with two of them on my hands!

Of necessity I had to explain Dunwald to Philip, and Philip was unreasonable enough to insist on my explaining him to Dunwald. So I introduced them. They took to each other like brothers—they seemed to feel the deepest sympathy for each other, and now they are the modern Damon and Pythias!

I believe it has been decided that Philip returns to New York and divorces me—Dunwald is paying the expenses—and then he returns to be our house

guest for a montn or so. And now, you come to complicate things! Oh, Alphonse, is it your curly hair or your soul, that makes me love you so No doubt it is your curly hair

[*She walks about and finally leans on the mantle opposite him.*]

Yes, that is the question, what are we to do? The only thing that occurs to me is that we should put the whole matter before my husbands and see how they feel about it.

[*Looks at him in great astonishment.*]

Row? Oh, my dear Alphonse, not in this day of the triangular marital peace conference! Well, of course, if their decision does not agree with ours, why then I'll go ahead and do my own way. Yes, I always get what I want because I know how to take it.

[*She stands before him and continues whimsically.*]

I am the Great Egotist with a capital "E!" There is no God but Selfishness and I am his Prophet! There is a great deal of rubbish talked about altruism. Why, selfishness is the highest altruism; selfishness is the great devoloper; it is

an octopus that sucks in all that comes within its grasp; it is selfishness that prompts us to go out and experience new things, and it is experience that makes us valuable citizens—Selfishness is the note of Now!

Take my own case for instance. I have come to a place where Love is what I need for my development. You bring it to me, you inspire it in me—we complement each other—now, why should those other two, who have served their purpose in the development of Me, why should they interfere with our completion?

It is absurd—they shall not. Ah, there is Dunwald now. I hear his voice in the hall. We'll tell him about it.

[*Turns to greet Dunwald and Travers who enter. She gives a hand to each one graciously.*]

"Good afternoon, Dunwald. And you too, Philip. You come at the psychological moment! You both know Monsieur Daurigny. Alphonse, my husbands.

[*She walks to tea table.*]

May I give you some tea? You've

had yours? Oh. Sit down, then, will you?

[*She motions Dunwald to a chair at C. and Travers to a chair at her left. Daurigny is at the far right.*]

You see, Monsieur Daurigny and I—we—find that we love each other, and we wish to consult you as to the best solution of our difficulty.

[*Turns to Dunwald petulantly.*]

Oh, now, Dunwald, please, please, don't be conventional If you must indulge in a diatribe on a woman's duty to her husband, won't you please do it in the next room? I simply cannot bear that.

[*In a hurt tone.*]

But I *am* thinking of you, Dunwald, I am thinking of you more than I ever have of anyone, except myself! We all know your ideas on morality as the backbone of the British aristocracy, but that has nothing to do with this case.

[*Turns to Travers.*]

Can't you stop him, Philip?

[*Pantomime, while Philip speaks.*]

That's it. If you would just listen to *my* idea. Well, Dunwald, couldn't you go to New York with Philip and both of

you divorce me there? It would be simple, quiet and inexpensive. . . . The alternative is obvious, Dunwald. And think how embarrassing for all of us, if I were divorcing you at the same time that Philip was divorcing me!

Here we are four sensible people—why not leave the decision to obviously the most open minded of us all—Philip.

[*Turns on Dunwald in aggrieved way.*]

I should think he had some rights, Dunwald, he's my first husband and your best friend! . . . . Well, will you agree to act on his decision? . . . And you, Alphonse? . . . . As for me, Philip, I know you will decide exactly as I would myself.

[*She turns to him and nods and smiles to all he says, with a gesture of appeal to the other two, now and then.*]

Splendid—thank you so much, Philip. You see, how simple it is.

[*Wearily.*]

I'm sorry you feel so annoyed, Dunwald. Thank you. You may kiss my cheek, Dunwald.

[*Presents her right cheek.*]

And you, Philip, thank you again.

You may kiss my other cheek. . . . . Come, Alphonse, we will leave them and go for our motor ride.

III.

CHARACTERS.

HULDA SOLDBERG.
[*Imitation of an Ibsen Heroine.*]

HERMAN SOLDBERG, her husband.

SCENE—*Living room at the Soldberg house.*

[*Hulda enters slowly, dragging one foot after the other with effort. She has her eyes fixed in a glassy stare and starts at her husband's word.*]

HULDA *Speaks.*

You sent for me, and I am here.
[*She sinks into chair beside table, and fixes her big eyes on him.*]
You ask me what is the matter? I have waited days, weeks, and months, for this moment, and now it has come there are no words. . . . All the bit-

terness, the disappointment—the suffering. . . .

[*Catches her throat as if choking.*]

For six years I have lived under your roof, been the mistress of your household and the head of your table. In all that time what have you known of my Soul? What do you care that it has been cramped, dwarfed, misshapen here? . . . And now, I am going away. There must be somewhere in the world, either in Norway or in Africa, some little cottage where my Soul may be alone and drink of freedom. . . .

[*Turns on him.*]

You? Oh, you've roofed me, clothed me, and fed me. That's enough no doubt. . . . What do you do with your life? You go each day to a dingy place and make paltry money—you come home at night and what do you bring to me? I want to go and see "Ghosts" or some other uplifting drama, and you—you want a trivial musical show! Real music, the key to my being—what does it mean to you? You think "Tristan and Isolde" is something to be slept through!

[*In a hollow voice.*]

"Have you never suspected that all these years you were sitting opposite, not a woman, but a starving Soul? I've borne this heaped up misery as long as I can. The one thing I've longed for, all my life, the thing I've begged you for, on bended knees, you have denied me— You! To ask me what it is, when you know it is a check book of mine own! A check book of mine own!

[*She breaks off weeping bitterly, and turns to go.*]

I am going out into the world—where my soul can be free!

[*She drags out, one arm raised high above her head.*]